

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 9, 1967 40 CENTS

WHALE OF A WEEKEND

Red Sox in the Series

Damascus: Horse of the Year

Rams Crush the Cowboys

Down Goes Notre Dame

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It's been replaced.

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To those of you who expected something fancier, sorry. (The '68 looks just like the '67 crossed out above.)

To those of you who now own a VW, congratulations. (Once again your model

hasn't quite dated itself.)

To those of you who've been thinking about buying a new car, once thinking

The front seats are more comfortable. (They have built-in headrests.)

The windshield wipers are much more efficient. (They're larger.)

Even the shifting is easier. (We put a

steak on the workbench to show you how it

All in all, we feel that the '68 nice little Volkswagen make it the best ever.

Of course, every year we build the "perfect" Volkswagen.

And then we do a masterful job of proving ourselves wrong.

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Credits on page 93

Next week

THE WORLD SERIES is following a tough act, but the post-race whetted appetites of fans eager to see the Red Sox meet the Cardinals. A full report, with color photographs.

THE MARVELOUS McVEA, star halfback of the University of Houston, may be the best runner since Red Grange. Dan Jenkins examines Warren and the wonders he has wrought.

POOL SHARK Wimpy Lasater demonstrates the finer points of his sport, does some trick shots for Richard Mleck's color camera and offers a few cues on improving everyone's game.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



ZIMMERMAN DOWN ON THE COLD, COLD GROUND SHOOTING UP FOR A BEING STORY

It has been a long time now since literal, photographic reproduction has been any criterion for good painting. It has even been a long time since literal, photographic reproduction has been the sole criterion for a good photograph. In consideration of this, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* frequently turns artists and photographers loose to interpret a given sport as their own imaginations dictate.

Recently Photographer John Zimmerman's imagination dictated the series of baseball photographs beginning on page 26 "Solarization of color" is the term applied to what was done to John's film. It is not a unique developing process, but it is a delicate, tricky business, and photographs handled in this way appear therefore principally in photographic journals. They are the work, says the chief of our color lab, Herbert Orth, "of amateurs who have hours and hours to fool around in their little darkrooms." So far as we know, no national magazine has ever before undertaken the work of developing film in this manner to enhance news coverage. It took our photo laboratory about three days to produce Zimmerman's photographs, but those days were preceded by several months of off-and-on experimental work in the lab. Says Orth: "It was a process of taking color, re-exposing it and getting a negative image, fogging it with color filters and gels and then continuing the normal developing process." Zimmerman says simply, "I was trying to think of a new way to photograph base-

ball. Anybody who follows baseball day in and day out knows what a ball-player looks like." In his continuing effort to give the reader a jolting, sharper awareness of the action, Zimmerman has put his cameras into the nets at hockey games, shot from behind the backboard in basketball and mounted cameras on the backs of skiers. In such instances he has been primarily ingenious, and we asked whether he had ever been involved in a dangerous or uncomfortable situation. "No," he answered, and then, "Well, yes. While I was shooting *The Bold American* (SI, Dec. 24, 1962) we were doing this sky-diving man, and while we were following his plane up I noticed that our pilot had only half of his index finger. I asked him about it and he said, 'A guy was riding right where you're sitting when his chute opened and he was sucked out of the plane. I grabbed for him and got a shroud but out he went—chute, my finger and all.' So later I looked down and this white stuff was oozing around and it was my chute. Pretty soon the plane was full of white parachute, and I tapped him on the shoulder and said, 'Hey.'"

The plane landed promptly—and a good thing, too. That pilot had only one index finger to spare, and certainly we had only one John Zimmerman.

Garry Ball

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FOOTLOOSE

If you like puffins, and who doesn't,
Machias Seal Island is right for you

Machias Seal Island, 14 acres of rock and
turf in the sea off Cutler, Me., may well
be the U.S.'s most inaccessible tourist attrac-
tion. One reason is that the island has been
occupied for 135 years by a foreign power.

The U.S. Government believed it had ac-
quired sovereignty over Machias Seal Island
in 1814 by the Treaty of Ghent, which ended
the War of 1812. It is not difficult to under-
stand why the Americans never bothered to
plant their new flag among the island's boun-
ders. Winter's gales and summer's fogs led
them to believe it was uninhabitable except
by seabirds. But in 1812 the Canadians
proved them wrong by building two light-
houses on the island. Some 80 years later they
formally "expropriated" it, but somehow
war never broke out. Even today, according
to United States Hydrographic Office's *List
of Lights and Fog Signals*, "The presence of
these navigational stations on the island does
not imply Canadian sovereignty."

The status of this little island in a sort of in-
ternational limbo gives the place an extra il-
lusion of charm, but its real attraction is the puff-
in, or "sea parrot," an ocean bird whose
grotesque ridged bill, wagon-red and trian-
gular, gives it the appearance of having
stepped from the illuminated pages of some
fantastic medieval bestiary.

To see Machias Island's puffins, the
knowledgeable traveler will put himself in
touch with Captain Parcell Corbett of Cut-
ler. Captain Corbett is the island's sole tangi-
ble link with the U.S. Last summer we joined
a party from the Maine Audubon Society
which was bound for Machias for some puff-
in watching. For anyone who has seen puff-
ins only at Matticus Rock, a U.S. Coast
Guard lighthouse station which is the only
other nesting site off the Atlantic Coast, the
scene at Machias Seal Island will prove a re-
velation. Only a few pairs nest on Matticus.
But here at Machias Seal, standing high on
the rocks in sociable groups or coming in
out of the fog on stubby, dark, rapidly beat-
ing wings, there were more than a thousand
puffins.

The men of the Canadian Lighthouse Ser-
vice often bring their families to the island,
and there is a woman's touch about the small
houses, which stand, freshly painted among
carefully tended lawns, on its high ground.
This feeling was imprinted when Captain
Corbett took us to the home of Harvie
Cooke, one of the three resident lighthouse
keepers. Mrs. Cooke had a steaming fish
chowder, lemon meringue pie and hot coffee
waiting for us. We could look out on the

rocks where the puffins congregate during the day. There are few dining rooms on earth where a bird watcher can eat in such surroundings.

After lunch Captain Corbett turned us loose among the puffins. It is difficult not to think in anthropomorphic terms about these comical birds. Smaller than gulls, they lounge on the rocks like shiftless little men in formal dress, sometimes huddling in groups, at other times bustling over to investigate a minor commotion. Occasionally one waddles to an opening in the rocks, which is its nesting burrow, and disappears.

The flying birds, returning from the sea with food for their young, introduce a note of fantasy into the picture. Slender silver fish, drooping from both sides of the great bill like gleaming mustaches, pose the inevitable question: How does the puffin, with five little fishes in its bill, capture the sixth without losing all the rest? Nobody seems to know.

In addition to the puffins, the island is a summer home for the Arctic tern, that marvelous bird whose migration route of 12,600 miles to the Antarctic is the longest of any bird in the world. Terns were nearly wiped out along the Atlantic Coast late in the 19th century. Nesting on the ground on islands near the mainland, they were driven first to the most remote islands by dogs, cats, rats and other traveling companions of man. There they were almost flushed off by gunners, who sold them for 30¢ apiece to milliners to be used as fancy decorations on ladies' hats.

Under protection, the Arctic terns have made something of a comeback (gulls are their chief enemies on the outer islands). There are 4,000 of them on Machias Seal Island today. Rightfully mistrustful of the human figure, they rise in a screaming aerial armada at its approach to their nesting grounds and try to drive it away. Their most effective tactic is a precipitous swoop at the human head. Those heads which are not covered by baseball helmets or similar armor are likely to receive a sharp rip from a tern's blood-red beak.

Captain Corbett charged each of us \$10 for the round trip to Machias Seal Island. The hot lunch cost us \$1.50, payable to the lighthouse keeper. For those insatiable birders who can't see enough puffins in a single day, there are overnight accommodations in the homes of the lighthouse keepers, where daily room and board came to \$7.

Ram gear, rubber-soled shoes and stout headgear are necessities. The border who is going to spend time in the blind, which stands amid the puffin colony on the rocks directly in front of the foghorn, is also advised to bring earplugs. As one of the lighthouse keepers said of the fog, "They make the stuff down here."

—FRANK GRAHAM JR.



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BOOKTALK

Flying is not quite riding a bike, but a new book makes it seem almost as easy

The fact that almost anyone can learn to fly an airplane is greeted skeptically by some 70% of Americans who have never been airborne. Whether from distrust or lack of understanding, the earthbound still think that flying is for super daredevils.

In his book, *Pilot Your Own Plane* (Sterling, \$3.95), Robert Scharff offers both encouragement and reassurance to the would-be fledgling who knows nothing and is wary of the new dimension he yearns to explore. If it is not yet quite true, as Scharff implies, that the family plane has taken the place of the family car, he makes it seem at least a likelihood for the future.

To bolster his case Scharff devotes a section to the safety of private flying. He explains that improvements in equipment have made the pilot's job safer and simpler, and that better instruction methods and piloting aids have vastly improved the capabilities of the man behind the wheel. In his enthusiasm, Mr. Scharff perhaps makes too little of the obvious danger to commercial air travel of swarms of fledgling pilots near busy airports, but he does insist that accidents are caused "not by the complexity of an airplane, but rather by a human being who did something he knew better than to do." The better taught the human being, the less he is likely to commit such errors.

The second chapter explains how to look for an authorized school, how much it will cost to learn and what is required to obtain a license. A medical exam by an FAA-designated physician, a written theory exam and a minimum of 20 hours of instruction and 20 hours of solo flying are required before a flight test can be taken for a private license.

In ensuing chapters Mr. Scharff explains the basic principles of flight and how an airplane functions and what to expect on a first flight. Surprisingly, one discovers that the plane is intrinsically stable and, once initial adjustments are made, tends to keep itself in a state of equilibrium, so that flying becomes easier than driving. For those who have already learned all this, Mr. Scharff gives suggestions on where to go and how to get there. He even includes hints on what to photograph along the way.

The most frequently asked questions concern the expenses involved in flying—whether it is cheaper to buy one's own plane, rent one or just a club. Mr. Scharff discusses all these subjects and concludes with a chapter on what careers aviation has to offer the fastest-growing group of pilots in the country, the teen-agers. Together with a glossary of aviation terms and an index, his book is a fine factual handbook for those who yearn toward the sky.

—FRANCIA LEE



How to get a good earful

When you can't
be around to hear him
blow his first great notes,
you can share them
by Long Distance.
It's the next best thing
to being there.



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Here's America's first wide fiber glass snow tire. More traction, more tread than any snow tire Sears ever tested.

Let it snow. Let it snow.

It's called the Sears Superwide.
It's the first wide fiber glass snow tire.
It has more traction than any snow tire we've ever tested.
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Makes its own road.

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It's quiet.
Smooth riding.
It's good looking. Not pretty. Good looking.
It's guaranteed for 40 months in writing. By Sears, Roebuck and Co.

It takes two and one-half minutes to read the rest of this ad, but that's all you need to know. It's from Sears.

What makes the Superwide so super?

The tread is reinforced with two belts of fiber glass. They run under the tread, around the tire. The fiber glass belts are strong and flexible.

The nylon cord sidewalls are free to flex.

So the tire tread sort of unfolds itself. Like a tank tread.

A wider track than any snow tire we've ever tested. As much as 26 per cent wider.

That means more traction. Better traction. Sears Superwide is a snow tire for people who want to get away from it all.

That's nice to know if you're driving from Anchorage to Palm Beach to soak up some sunshine. Or if you're driving from Palm Beach to Anchorage to loll in the snow.

An exclusive tread design makes the Superwide run quiet. It doesn't sound as though a semi is riding on your tail. A good snow tire should be seen and not heard.

It's a sporty-looking job with a lusty wide tread. It will fit just about any car. You don't have to own a sports model or be a race buff.

The Superwide will wear up to 100 per cent longer than ordinary snow tires.

The longer the tread life, the more traction you keep. And more protection.

That's a comforting thought when you figure that about 80 per cent of all punctures occur in the last 20 per cent of tread life.

Depending on your tire size, the Sears Superwide Fiber Glass Snow Tire sells for \$32.87 to

\$43.54. Including Federal Excise

Tax which is about the only thing this tire can't get out of.

Also available with studs where state law permits.

No extra charge for mounting. And No Money Down on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

Guaranteed for 40 months. America's first wide fiber glass snow tire. A great snow job.

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Guaranteed Against: All failures of the tire resulting from normal road hazards or defects in material or workmanship.

For How Long: For the life of the original tread.

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Tread Wear-Out Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: Tread wear-out. **For How Long:** 40 months.

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Get away from it all protection.

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The Avis Winker Code



1 wink: She has a car ready and waiting.



2 winks: It's a compact.



3 winks: It's a convertible.

There you are. Standing in our competitor's line. And in a hurry.

If the Avis girl at the next counter winks at you, you're in business.

One wink means she can put you into a shiny new Plymouth inside of three minutes.

Two or three winks mean you can have a compact or a convertible.

(See Avis Winker Code at left.)

That is your signal to leave the line, come to the Avis counter and get a car without waiting. We will even accept No.1's credit card.

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Michaels/Stern says, "If you've got a good build, don't wear a suit that hides it!"

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and you can spot the tricks. Trimmer pants. Shorter coat. With one button.

Note the double-breasted vest. And the brawny plaid (from the *Plaids Preferred* collection of Michaels/Stern). It's a big, bold pattern that rugged

guys like you can afford to wear.

Why not dress like the man you really are? It's easy. Just stride into your favorite tailor's today, and drop the right name:

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who know the
difference.

Scotch should be light.
Scotch should be smooth.
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SCORECARD

TWO CREDIBILITY GAPS

The extent to which President Johnson has given up whiskey and taken up golf is as debatable as whether Barry Goldwater really would have cut those television cables. As Goldwater claimed to be, LBJ may just have been kidding.

He actually did go nine holes at Burning Tree Club on Saturday, September 23, but he has not played again. It was the first time he had played at all since the early spring of 1964, and it was the first time that he completed a full nine at the club, where President Eisenhower went around so often.

A fellow who has played with the President was asked what LBJ considered a "gimme" putt. "On the green," he replied, and as for the President's swing "Like he's killing snakes." But LBJ really can hit the ball a long way. It's just that he doesn't know where it's going. He is also the kind of golfer who will skip holes or play them out of order.

Gossers around Washington estimate that if he ever went a full 18 he could not break 100 like shot in the 80s and President Kennedy in the 70s, and neither felt it was necessary to abandon the 19th hole.

Getting back to Goldwater, also a golfer, he and his Phoenix Country Club cronies once planted a little loudspeaker in the cup on the 18th green. When a player leaned over to retrieve his putt, a voice from out of the ground would remark, "Lucky shot" or ask, "How come you three-putted?" And another time, serving with the Arizona Air National Guard, he planted a hose in the bed of his commanding officer, then turned it on when the CO got into bed.

Would a man like that cut TV cables?

MONEY TALKS

Rating of football teams and football players is a tricky business and leads to arguments. Until now there has really been no adequate standard of measurement. But a fellow in Albuquerque has come up with something that he calls

"The Retailer Rating and Discounter Desperation Poll."

Last week he poked about in the stores and found that:

The "Johnny Unitas Official Football," which started the season at \$7.20, has dropped to a sale price of \$3.88.

The "Gale Sayers Football" is holding at \$5.79.

The "Don Meredith" tops all at \$6.95.

The "Fran Tarkenton" has just been marked down to \$1.99.

The "Paul Hornung" can be had for one book of Green Stamps.

POWER CORRUPTS AGAIN

There are those who believe, among them Charles Callison, executive vice-president of the National Audubon Society, that the Hudson River Gorge is "the most beautiful stretch of river scenery in the United States." A while back (SI, April 26, 1965) the Consolidated Edison Company, which supplies New York City and some of its environs with high-priced electricity, proposed to deface the Gorge by setting up a power plant on Storm King Mountain.

Conservationists howled to such effect that last week Con Ed, which has been talking about doing a face-lifting job on its "image" as an air-pollutionist, despoiler of beauty and dispenser of surly service, backed down and said it would modify the Storm King project and relocate its plant a mile and a half downstream, to a site recommended by the Federal Power Commission, a government bureau that seems to think its job is to approve anything a utility might want.

The new site would still be within the Gorge; it would still convert glorious scenery to industrial use; it would still damage the river's fishery, and it would intrude on the Storm King section of Palisades Interstate Park. The proposal is both a piece of clumsiness and insolence.

While we are boosting Con Ed's backside, let us give a pat on the back to an-

other utility, Central Hudson Gas & Electric Corporation, which also had planned to invade the Gorge at Breakneck Ridge, across the river from Storm King Mountain. Central Hudson now has decided to place its new plant outside the Gorge. And another pat to the Georgia-Pacific Corporation, which responded graciously to conservationists' protests and abandoned a proposed site for a gypsum-wallboard plant at Little Stony Point, just across the Gorge from where Con Ed would now create a monstrosity.

LITERARY CRITIC

Soccer players are apt to be as testy about newspaper comments on their performances as Ted Williams or Bill Har- tack. A sports writer who puts into print even a mild criticism of a soccer star may thereafter be regarded as a deadly enemy by the star and his fans. So there was some surprise when an association of sports editors in Paraguay presented a citation to one of their country's stars, reading: 1) he never challenged the accuracy of a reported quote, 2) he never complained about criticism of play and



3) he greeted even his hardest critics with a smile. Accepting the award with another smile, he let slip the reason for his charming tolerance of the press: "I can't read," he said.

NO KICK COMING

When the NCAA approved college football's new punt-return rule last April—only four men on the kicking team can rush downfield before the punt—coaches from Orono, Me. to San Diego moaned they would end up with more walking wounded than the Marines. The kicking

continued



How to shoot the girl without killing the cat.

If you know anything about photography you know how hard it is to get the right exposure for a black object in very light surroundings. For example an ordinary camera, with a built-in meter, would measure the entire scene above and kill all the detail on the cat. But the Mamiya/Sekor TI camera has a behind the lens spot meter. You can point that spot meter at the most important part of the picture and be sure your exposure will be right on the nose. The internal metering system is also the fastest and easiest to use with no dials to turn or extra switches to operate. Of the three top selling single lens reflex cameras with interchangeable lenses, only one has a behind the lens spot meter and sells for less than \$160. The Mamiya/Sekor 500ti. See it at your photo dealer or write for folder 1X. Marketed exclusively by Ponder & Biew. New York/Chicago/Los Angeles 11201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90064.



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SCORECARD

team's ends and backs would be annihilated by open-field and blind-side blocks, they said. But now three weeks and 2,000 punts have passed, and there has hardly been an ankle sprain. What has become apparent—and what the coaches perhaps feared all along—is that the new rule is forcing coaches to devote a great deal of time to what was previously a fairly simple aspect of the game.

"Now," says Mary Levy of William and Mary, "you have to do a lot more coaching on a part of the game that most of us used to ignore. It's a fine chance for any coach to outcoach the other guy."

"We honestly spent more time with the punt return last spring than any other offensive play," admits Bob Gibson of Bowling Green. "We figure it can be a great weapon. It can be an equalizer."

Nobody felt the sting of the new rule quicker than highly ranked Alabama and Miami a week ago. In 23 years of coaching, Bear Bryant had only one punt returned against him for a touchdown—until Florida State's Walt Summer ran one back 75 yards to help the Seminoles tie Alabama 37-37. And Miami's Hank Collins, trying to aim a punt out of bounds from his nine-yard line, fumbled on fourth down to set up Northwestern's winning touchdown in a 12-7 upset.

Regardless of what coaches say about it, the new punt rule has opened up college football. Puns are being run back an average of 73 yards per game, the most in 19 years and 57%, more than last year. Just ask Arkansas' 11 rank Broyles, who hates the rule. "I hold my breath every time we kick," he says.

So does the crowd, and nobody can say that hurts football.

DREAM HUNT

The first few hours of the Placer County, California deer-hunting season established once more that the safest thing to be when the rifles start barking is a deer. On opening day, just at Lake Tahoe, seven cars were wrecked, two people were treated for injuries and three for gunshot wounds. The wrecks and injuries occurred expectedly at deer crossings, but two of the gunshot wounds were on the rare side. (The third was routine. The hunter got hit because he looked like a deer.)

• Dannie Myers, 17, lay on the ground to rest. He propped his weary feet up on a log. Then he spotted a beautiful buck, just standing there waiting to be shot. Dannie raised his rifle and fired. He missed the deer but he did see the side of one of his shoes flying through the air. He was treated for loss of part of his big toe.

• Robert F. Wise, 27, fell asleep on a ridge because he had been up most of the night repairing his car. He dreamed he had a big buck in the sights of his rifle. With steady hand, he squeezed off a shot. Unfortunately the dream rifle and his real rifle happened to be one and the same. Only the buck was a dream. The bullet grazed the wrist of his right foot.

Wise works as a hunting safety instructor for the California Department of Fish and Game. But only when he is awake.

SERVICE BREAK BY THE PROS

A development of considerable significance to tennis appears to be looming. An organization called World Championship Tennis has been formed, with Dave Dixon, New Orleans sports promoter, as president and Lamar Hunt, Texas multimillionaire, as secretary-treasurer. The plan is, immediately after the Davis Cup matches in December, to sign John Newcombe, Tony Roche and Cliff Drysdale, three of the world's leading tennis players, as professionals. They cannot, of course, sign before the cup matches. Dennis Ralston, Earl Buchholz and Mike Davies of Britain are expected to join the group, too, in a touring team which will travel with its own synthetic grass court on a nine months' junket starting in Kansas City in February and ending up, nine months later, in South Africa.

The plan, if successful, might well create such a shortage of good amateurs that open tennis would become a necessity.

LOW MEN ON THE TOTEM POLE

It is a cliché, but a true one, that the unsung heroes of football are those who labor between the ends on the offensive lines—centers, tackles and, most especially, guards. Nobody knows this better than Dick Bestwick, offensive line coach at Georgia Tech, who learned the facts of life in the interior line while playing running guard on Carl Snavely's old North Carolina single wing.

(Continued)



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SCORECARD *continued*

As one of their kind, Bestwick enjoys a special camaraderie with the Tech guards. And he is very frank in advising them of their position in life.

"Let's face it," he tells his blockers. "The reason that you're playing offense is because you aren't good enough to play defense. When you play guard, it's because you aren't smart enough to be a quarterback, not fast enough to be a halfback, not rugged enough to be a fullback, not big enough to be a tackle, and don't have the hands to be an end."

But he makes up for this bluntness by his indignation at the fact that the guards never do get adequate credit for their contributions to the game.

"There is no justice," says Bestwick. "If a halfback makes a great run, it's all him. If he's thrown for a loss, it's all because the blockers broke down. If a quarterback throws a touchdown pass, you know what they say about that. When a quarterback gets clobbered, you know who gets the blame."

To reward his guards, whom he calls "root hogs," the coach has invented a "Super Sow Award," which he bestows weekly. It's a plastic pig.

SPORT: JUNIOR DIVISION

At age 3, Peter David Stoneham, grandson of Horace Stoneham, owner of the San Francisco Giants, already knows his baseball. At Stuart Hall School, the teacher held up one finger of her left hand. "That's one," she said, then held up one finger of her right hand.

"Can anyone tell me what this adds up to?" she asked.

Peter David's hand popped up.

"A ball and a strike," he said.

THEY SAID IT

- Roger Kunnister, the first man to break the four-minute-mile barrier with his 3:59.4. "Jim Ryun is an incredible runner, capable I think of doing a 3:45 mile. The ultimate? I think one day it will be run in 3:30."

- Bill Wallace, Rice University basketball scorer, explaining why he sailed the Atlanta, to England in a 22-foot boat: "I'm short, uncoordinated, have bad eyes and bad knees and always wanted to be a great athlete."

- Lou Rymkus, coach of the defunct Akron Vulcans, asked when he knew his team was in financial trouble: "When we couldn't get our uniforms out of the cleaners."

END

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SALES BY 800-1-OLDS



DAMASCUS BY A MILE

Racing got its Horse of the Year when Damascus produced a stunning burst of speed after trailing the leaders. He whipped his two chief rivals, Buckpasser and Dr. Fager (on the rail), in the Woodward by WHITNEY TOWER

Once in a long, long while, in every sport, a championship is earned under ideal conditions. That is, when all of the leading contenders show up for the competition, with no excuse among them. In horse racing that occurs all too infrequently, with the result that horsemen and fans spend much of their time every season in frustrating debate over who would have beaten whom if only the owners and trainers could have been persuaded to run against each other.

Last Saturday at Aqueduct, before 55,259 spectators—all with positive and vociferous opinions—racing had its first dream attraction in nearly a decade as Mrs. Edith Bancroft's Damascus, already the 3-year-old champion following his triumphs in the Preakness, the Belmont Stakes and the Travers, nailed down the Horse of the Year title as well. In soundly trouncing Buckpasser and Dr. Fager in the \$107,800 mile-and-a-quarter Woodward Stakes, his winning margin was a devastating 10 lengths.

Usually the Woodward is just another fall weight-for-age race to find out whether the season's maturing 3-year-olds, carrying 120 pounds, can beat their elders, who must carry 126. But starting in last week's Woodward were the three best horses of the 33,264 foaled in 1963 and 1964: Buckpasser, finest of 1963's crop, and Damascus and Dr. Fager from 1964. Last spring the odds were 100 to 1 against the possibility that these three colts would line up in the same starting gate. As this summer wore on and they went their separate ways, those odds went even higher. But then the pressure of public interest as well as the clear logic behind such a happening brought them together, and it was a happening that invested the race and its setting with the drama and tension of a Derby or Belmont.

Before the race, in the jammed paddock, the principals appeared under more of a strain than their horses. *continued*



Joining Willie Shoemaker in holding the trophy are the hands of Mrs. William Woodward (left) and her son-in-law, Thomas Bancroft.



The attitude of most horseplayers was reflected by Mrs. William Woodward, for whose late husband the race was named, and whose daughter owns Damascus. As favored Buckpasser paraded, Mrs. Woodward said, "I don't think we can beat this great horse, but we might as well try." Johnny Nerud, trainer of Dr. Fager for William L. McKnight's Tartan Stable, looked at his beautiful bay colt and murmured, "He's a picture horse. I hope he runs good, and I think he will." The record of the Buckpasser campaign—Owner Ogden Phipps, Trainer Eddie Neloy and jockey Braulio Baeza—spoke for itself. The 4-year-old son of Tom Fool, a millionaire at 3 and now the winner of 25 starts in 31 races and \$1,462,014, is undoubtedly one of the most brilliant racehorses ever bred in this country. A year ago he won the Woodward and with it his Horse of the Year title. Normally he would have been expected to defend it handily, an old racing axiom has it that a top 4-year-old, despite the weight concession, should be able to beat a top 3-year-old. But Buckpasser's challengers were hardly "normal," and there were horsemen who wondered whether the colt was at his sharpest competitively after more than two months away from the races because of a slight infection in one foot. If some now argue that Buckpasser's performance in the Woodward proves he was not at his best, it also is true that Eddie Neloy has never sent a Phipps horse to the post unless he was ready for his top effort.

Earlier in the week Johnny Nerud was critical of the strategy expected from the enemy camps. "This won't be a championship race or any kind of a summit meeting," he said, "if they are going to toss in a lot of trash just to run me into the ground." The reference was to Damascus' stablemate, Hedevar, who for a week last year shared the world record of 1:33½ for a mile and would see to it that front-running Dr. Fager got nothing resembling a breather, and also to Buckpasser's stablemate, Great Power, a speedy enough sprinter but surely no classic contender. Nerud was reminded that when he won the 1957 Belmont with Gallant Man he used a sprinter to soften up Bold Ruler. He laughed and said, "But that was no championship race. I was just after the money that day."

There is nothing unsporting, of course, about using entries in racing. If he has a sprinter in his barn to supplement a stretch runner, every trainer will use him to the best advantage. If everyone in a race takes back and permits a speed horse—like Dr. Fager or Handsome Boy—to breeze on the lead, the speed horse will win every time. The mighty Kelso found this out three times against Beau Purple. Buckpasser, in his last start before the Woodward, learned the same lesson in July's Brooklyn Handicap. Handsome Boy took the lead at the break, held it all the way and won easily by eight lengths. Frank Whiteley, Damascus' trainer, understands this as well as any man in the profession. "Sure, Hedevar is in there to insure a fast pace," he said early one morning as he watched Damascus nibbling at the dandelions outside his barn. "But, to tell you the truth, there won't be any need for pacesetters if Damascus runs the way I think he can—and think he will."

How perfectly right Frank Whiteley was. Damascus

seems to improve each time out despite a long campaign that now includes 14 races going back to March 11th at Pimlico. From the start of the Woodward, in front of the stands, the roars of the crowd drowned out the jet noises from neighboring Kennedy International Airport. Jockey Bill Boland, aboard Dr. Fager, came out of the second stall, sandwiched between Hedevar and Great Power. The colt went, as Boland put it, "a hell of a three-quarters, in 1:09½, and I knew we were really running. But Hedevar was right with me, and he was making my horse rank. Great Power wasn't all that far behind, putting the pressure on me too. Both those jocks [Ron Turcotte and Bobby Ussery] were hustling and making a lot of noise, whooping and hollering, and it didn't help me at all. But, what the hell, that's part of this game. We all do it, so I can't complain."

While Dr. Fager was cutting out fractions of .22½ for the first quarter, 45½ for the half and the 1:09½ for six furlongs over a track rated as fast but hardly dried out after two days of rain, Handsome Boy was plodding along in fourth place, leaving Damascus and Buckpasser to bring up the rear. "I wanted to be ahead of Buckpasser at all times," said Bill Shoemaker, who rides Damascus. "I saw Dr. Fager way up ahead of both of us, but it didn't look to me like he was running so well. I had about a length on Buckpasser at the half-mile pole and started my move then. By the time we hit the quarter pole I had three or four lengths on Buckpasser, and we sailed right by Dr. Fager. Damascus is quick on his feet, almost like a cat, but I hit him pretty good through the stretch because I didn't want Buckpasser sneaking up on us. I knew I didn't have to worry about the rest of them."

Damascus, indeed, had little to worry about from anyone once he unleashed his brilliant move around the far turn. Baeza and Buckpasser tried to roll with him, but the old punch just wasn't there, and the excuse certainly could not have been the six-pound difference in weight. Shoe increased his lead of half a length at the quarter pole to five lengths at the eighth pole and coasted home 10 in front in the stakes-record time of 2:00½, just one second off Gun Bow's track record. Buckpasser gradually wore down Dr. Fager to take second by half a length, and strung out behind them over a total of 39 lengths were, in order, Handsome Boy, Hedevar and Great Power.

And so racing has a new Horse of the Year, and a genuinely worthy one. Said Shoemaker, "This colt gets better all the time, and I'll say it again, though some people don't believe it—Damascus is as good a horse as I have ever ridden. That includes the best, such as Swaps, Kelso, Gallant Man and even Buckpasser himself." (Buckpasser was retired the Monday after the Woodward.) Damascus, scheduled to represent the U.S. in the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel on November 11, is a son of Sword Dancer, himself a two-time winner of the Woodward. If Damascus never wins another race, the sight of this beautiful bay colt slamming down to the finish line of the 1967 Woodward, with Bill Shoemaker in the red-and-white Belair silks, is enough to mark last Saturday as one of the sport's great days.

END

Leading Buckpasser (second from left above), Damascus catches Dr. Fager on the final turn, then starts pulling away just past the quarter pole.

PURDUE DOES A NO. 1 JOB AGAINST NO. 1

Notre Dame tries its first big step toward defending its national title, only to get knocked on its Golden Dome by a Purdue sophomore quarterback and a fast-handed marvel named "Nurse" Keyes who can play the game all day

by GARY RONBERG



On the Thursday night before the biggest upset of a thoroughly demoted college football season Mike Phipps, Purdue's sophomore quarterback, comes down with a cold and a sore throat. By Friday afternoon, when the team moves into the Morris Bright Hotel to isolate itself from the tensions of facing Notre Dame, Phipps (see cover) has added a fever to his ailments. This does not seem to bother Phipps very much, but it is making Purdue Coach Jack Mollenkopf sick. All week Mollenkopf has been warning that Purdue must run up a large score in order to beat Notre Dame, somehow score repeatedly against the No. 1 defense of the No. 1 team in the country. "There is no way," says Mollenkopf, "that anybody is going to shut out Hanratty and Seymour." And how can we score, Mollenkopf is nervously thinking, at my quarterback,

my 19-year-old sophomore quarterback, is catching pneumonia?

But only 61-year-old Jack Mollenkopf is worried. If there is one trait that Mike Phipps shares with his predecessor

All-America Boh Grisee, it is composure. The week before, in his first college game, Phipps had tossed Purdue to a 24-20 win over Texas A&M. "The night before that game he was as calm as could be," Mollenkopf says. "This week he has been just the same."

But Phipps, who is taking pills for his cold, does admit to some curiosity about the Irish.

"Personally," Phipps says, "I can't wait to see Notre Dame's uniforms, those gold helmets and all."

"We have gold helmets, too," says Boh DeMoss, Purdue's offensive coach. "Yeah," Phipps says, "but not like theirs."

Phipps is the latest youngster in Mollenkopf's pattern of selecting a sophomore quarterback every third year and sticking with him. "There is a tradition about sophomore quarterbacks here, no doubt about that," says Phipps. "There have been some great ones before me." Len Dawson, Dale Samuels and Grisee are apt examples. The first two upset Notre Dame in their sophomore seasons.

During spring practice this year, Mollenkopf said that after watching Grisee for three seasons his current quarterbacks all looked as if they were pulling plows. But Phipps, who is 6' 2", threw a 65-yard pass off balance for a touchdown in the spring game and showed remarkable poise against Texas A&M. If he is pulling a plow it is a very light one, and Mollenkopf dares hope that Phipps is ready for the Irish, who are ranked No. 1 everything everywhere.



Notre Dame's defenders can only watch as Keyes (No. 23) takes a pass and engulfs into the end zone uncontested for Purdue's third touchdown.

One Bombermaker who is certainly ready is Leroy Keyes, a junior who is developing into something special. In 1966 Keyes played mostly on defense, but he completed all three passes he tried on offense (two for touchdowns), caught two passes and rushed for an 8.4-yard average on 12 carries. In last fall's Notre Dame game he grabbed a fumble out of the air and ran 95 yards to score. "It's never hard to get up for Notre Dame," says Keyes. "It doesn't matter if they're No. 1 or No. 100. It's Purdue vs. Notre Dame, and that's enough."

Mollenkopf has never quite been able to make up his mind whether Keyes is more valuable on offense or defense, but he decided this summer that the offense needed help the most and shifted Keyes over to the Purdue attack. Keyes has attended only two defensive meetings all fall. Unless a crisis develops, he will

be a running back against Notre Dame. A crisis is going to develop.

Keyes, who almost went to Hampton Institute in his home state of Virginia, where he works summers in the shipyards, is nicknamed "Nursey." He says he doesn't know why. "I guess I was just lazy. Why walk when someone would carry me around?" Perhaps he was just saving his energy. He does not appear to be lazy to Mollenkopf. "He can run like a deer," says Mollenkopf. "He can do everything. He can kick off, kick field goals, do everything. I've never had anybody like him."

Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian has his own problems, no matter what the experts say. The defense is young. Only All-America End Kevin Hardy has returned from last year's front four. The running game is questionable. All-America Halfback Nick Eddy is gone,

and so is Fullback Larry Conjar, a line blocker. There are holes in the offensive line, including a considerable gap left by the graduation of Center George Goeddeke. Junior Quarterback Terry Hanratty has returned, as has End Jim Seymour, perhaps the best in Notre Dame history. But the Irish will need to get their running game going if they are to be consistent, and Parseghian is uneasy as they trot onto the field at Ross-Ade Stadium on Saturday afternoon before the largest crowd ever to see a Purdue home game, 62,316.

On the second play of the game Purdue Fullback Perry Williams tries right end and is smothered for no gain. Scull wonder. Kevin Hardy, who weighs 280 pounds and is the best defensive lineman in the country, is there. Forget the right side. But wait—a Notre Dame man is limping off the field. It is No. 74,

continued

Kevin Hardy will not return in this game—or perhaps play in any other for a while. Later Hardy will be told his left ankle is badly sprained, not broken, and he will say he was clipped. Mollenkopf will say Hardy was hit on a crackback block by Keyes. Purdue's best blocker, Chuck Kuzneski, who would have had to lace Hardy all afternoon, will say "They missed him. No doubt about it. But I wasn't sorry to see him leave."

Now Phipps is back to pass. He throws 40 yards downfield and Jim Bierne makes a leaping catch between two Irish defenders. Four plays later Williams slants over left guard, and Purdue leads 6-0 with three minutes gone in the game. The extra-point try is wide.

But the Irish, behind Hanratty, come right back, overwhelmingly, almost arrogantly. In 12 plays Notre Dame drives to the Purdue 24, where it is third and nine. Hanratty is back to pass. He wants to throw to Rocky Bleier, who is covered by two men. Hanratty hesitates—then throws anyway. Purdue's Don Webster steps in front of Bleier to intercept.

The relief is temporary. Three minutes later Hanratty has Notre Dame back again. A perfect 24-yard pass to Seymour is the big play in a 49-yard drive to the Purdue 26. Hanratty rolls to his right and imperiously waves find Paul Snow deep into the end zone. Snow goes deep, taking Dennis Cirbes with him, and Hanratty runs 25 yards down the sideline to the Purdue one. He sneaks over on the next play and the extra point makes it 7-6, Notre Dame.

The Irish have seized control of the game and they keep it throughout the first half. They throw deep repeatedly on first down, run 54 plays to Purdue's 33 and Hanratty makes 16 of 34 passes for 172 yards. The Purdue pass defense is shaken, all but frantic, but the Irish have not scored. Midway through the second period, with no chance that the bombing attack will stop for truce talks, Keyes is ready to lend a hand on defense. The Irish—who have had to punt only once—start attacking again. They drive from their own 25 to the Purdue four. In comes Keyes. It is fourth down and Joe Azzaro cannot miss a field goal from there. But instead of Azzaro, Pursegan sends in a play. Seymour, now covered by Keyes, and Snow, covered by Webster, go wide to the right, which isolates Purdue's two best defenders on the right side of the field. Hanratty, drift-

ing back, wants to hit Tight End George Kunz in the left corner of the end zone. He waits, and dodges, and waits, but Kunz is covered. Finally, when his protection at last breaks down, Hanratty throws across the middle to Seymour, who is surrounded by three men. The pass falls incomplete.

The half ends with the score 7-6, and the suspicion begins to arise that Notre Dame may have let Purdue live too long. The only running the Irish have shown was back and forth from the sidelines, and the presence of Keyes has settled Purdue's pass defense.

At half time Mollenkopf tells his players that Notre Dame can be beaten. Keyes can cover Seymour, which means Purdue won't have to double-team him. Notre Dame is covering Purdue's receivers man-for-man and Bob DeMoss says all Phipps needs is time to throw, because Purdue is going to get men clear. The second half begins, and Phipps gets the time he needs.

Notre Dame receives, Hanratty misses with two passes and a run loses ground. Purdue starts at its 49. Six plays later it is third and 15 on the Irish 46. Phipps hits Keyes in the flat for nine yards, but that only makes it fourth and six on the Notre Dame 37. No punt. No field goal. Phipps is back to pass again. He is rushed hard this time. He eludes Charles Lauck, Hardy's replacement, and almost falls down. One hand brushes the ground. The Irish pass defenders relax ever so slightly and Bob Hurst gets behind Notre Dame Linebacker Mike McGill. Phipps does not throw the ball hard, he lofts it, wobbly but accurately, over McGill's head and into the hands of Hurst on the 20-yard line. Hurst is not stopped until he reaches the Irish three and on the next play Williams scores. Purdue elects to try for two points and makes it, Phipps hitting Bierne across the middle.

It is 14-7, Purdue, and for the first time the Bookmakers have the momentum. Keyes rides the kickoff into the Notre Dame end zone. Hanratty, back to pass from his 20, is intercepted again at midfield and, when the Purdue offense stalls, Dick Berg punts out of bounds on the Notre Dame six. The Irish grind out a first down, and then Hanratty, rolling to his right, whips a beautiful pass downfield, where Kunz makes a diving catch on the Purdue 38. Bleier gets five, and although Hanratty

fails to hit Seymour on second down he has seen Fullback Ron Dushney slip across the middle without being covered. Two plays later, on fourth and five, Hanratty calls for the same pattern, hitting Dushney over the middle for an Irish first down at the Purdue 22. On third and 10 he lays the ball right in Seymour's hands at the 10, but Keyes jolts Seymour and the pass is incomplete. On fourth down Hanratty finds Dushney across the middle again for a first down at the Purdue nine. Three plays later Bleier scores, and the extra point ties the game 14-14.

One thing, however, has become clear: Purdue has taken away the Irish running game. Notre Dame does not have a breakout play, and it shows. Purdue has closed off the weak Irish sweeps and has sealed off the inside, too. "First, the outside, then the inside," says Mollenkopf later. Now Purdue is playing a four-man front line almost exclusively. It is actually during Hanratty, perhaps college football's best passer, to throw the football.

Shortly before the end of the third quarter Phipps starts the Bookmakers moving from their 36-yard line. On third down he arches a spiral toward the left sideline, and Keyes, racing stride for stride with Mike Burgener, makes a fine catch good for 44 yards. On the first play of the fourth quarter Phipps scrambles for seven yards to the Notre Dame 16, where he is faced with a fourth-and-three situation. Again there is no thought of a field goal by a team in excellent position. Instead, wisely gambling that it needs a touchdown, Purdue calls on Keyes. Phipps pitches back to Keyes, who follows Williams' fine block around left end for the first down. The Irish call time, and Keyes tells Phipps that he can get free in the right flat. Phipps promptly steps back, waits for Keyes to get a stride on his defender, then throws to him as he races wide open at the goal line. Purdue leads, 21-14.

Once more the Irish fight back. Hanratty, his shirt stained and his socks sagging about his ankles, drives Notre Dame 76 yards in eight plays, finishing with a 27-yard touchdown pass to Snow. The kick ties the game again, 21-21.

Phipps now starts Purdue toward the winning score. From his 36 he runs for nine yards, and when Notre Dame is penalized for unsportsmanlike conduct Purdue is in excellent shape—first and

30 at the Irish 31. Two plays fail, however, and it is third and 10. The Boiler-makers line up with Berne split left and Keyes wide to the right. Phupps goes back to pass, and Berne and Keyes break toward the sidelines. As the Notre Dame secondary spreads and the linebackers rush Phupps, Purdue's Bob Baltzell slips out of the backfield and curls across the center. All the Irish eyes are on Keyes. Phupps throws to Baltzell at the 10, and Baltzell cuts away from Tom Schoen and Mike Burgence for the touchdown. Purdue leads 28-21 with 10 minutes to go.

There is still ample time for Notre Dame, and Hanratty knows it. He passes to Kunz for nine, runs for five and then completes a pass to Seymour for 14. It is only the second pass Seymour has caught in the second half. Hanratty passes to Snow for 16 more, sweeping the Irish to a first down on Purdue's 19.

Notre Dame is sure to score. Will Ara go for the tie or the win? The very prospect of the situation arising is too ironic to bear. Tie another one for the Gipper?

On first down Hanratty is rushed, but he gets off a strong, high pass to Snow that just flicks off the end's hands as he leaps at the goal line. On second down Hanratty is hard pressed. Rolling to his left, he throws to Seymour, who is slanting into the end zone ahead of Keyes. By now Keyes is moving as if his legs are lead. The ball is there—but inches out of the reach of the sprawling Seymour. Third down and Hanratty is forced to run. He loses a yard. Fourth and 11 at the Purdue 20. Hanratty goes back to pass again, but everybody is covered except Kunz, who catches the ball at the 14—five yards short of the first down.

Purdue cannot move and punts to the Notre Dame 38. With 1:39 left, Hanratty fades back to throw his 63rd pass, 26 more than any Notre Dame quarterback has ever thrown in one game. In desperation he goes long to Seymour. The pass is weak. Seymour cannot get back to it, but the ubiquitous Leroy Keyes can. He intercepts, and a moment later the game is over. Pandemonium.

Parseghian takes a long, tired look at the scoreboard and starts across the field. Mollenkopf moves toward him, then stops and kicks at a divot. He does not know what he is going to say. And then they are walking off the field together. Good game. Excellent game.

Finally Mollenkopf gets through the

crowd and back to the Purdue locker room. All those "Fat Jack Must Go" headlines of a year ago are a long way behind him. He will be the one to decide when Fat Jack retires now. It is a comforting thought. The locker room is bedlam.

"Wasn't everybody great?" Phupps is saying. "What about Leroy?"

All Keyes has done is play more than 40 superb minutes against Notre Dame. "I have never seen anybody adjust as fast as Keyes," says Purdue Defensive Coach Bernie Miller. "I knew Seymour was unhappy to see No. 23 come into the game to cover him. Seymour didn't catch a pass on Keyes in last year's game.

Not a one. He catches six today before we put Keyes in, and after that he only gets one off Leroy."

Keyes, Offensive Coach DeMoss is pointing out, caught nine passes for 108 yards and ran the ball for vital first downs. And how about that interception! How about that?

Over in front of his locker Keyes is tenderly slipping his black Purdue jacket over a bruised left shoulder. He picks up his walking stick and leaves for a victory party. "I don't really know if I can make it," he says. "I've never been so tired in my life." Keyes hasn't missed anything all day. He won't miss the party.

END

Kevin Hardy, whose loss was a staggering blow to the Irish, sits with ankle wrapped in towel



IN DALLAS, SPY TALK AND A ROUT

Skulduggery and a mysterious yellow Chevrolet contributed to the fun but not to the stunning display of power that lifted Los Angeles last weekend to the top of the NFL along with Green Bay and Baltimore **by TEX MAULE**

In the week before their game with Dallas, the Rams prepared themselves so meticulously that Tex Schramm, the president of the Cowboys (and a former general manager of the Rams), claimed the whole business smacked more of a James Bond novel than it did of legitimate scouting. What got Schramm was a yellow Chevrolet that was parked near the Cowboys' temporary practice area, a high school field borrowed pending the reclamation of their regular practice site. At the close of Thursday practice, Head Coach Tom Landry dispatched a guard to find out who was in the car, whereupon the Chevy raced away.

The guard took the license number (KRZ 308), and Schramm checked with the Hertz Rent-A-Car agency at the Dallas airport. He found that the car had been rented on Tuesday evening by J. R. Sanders, Los Angeles Rams, 7813 Beverly Boulevard. A little more detective work revealed that Johnny Sanders, chief of the Rams' talent-scouting staff, and Norm Pollen, an aide, had checked into the Executive Inn, a hostelry near the airport, on Tuesday evening. In a fine rage, Schramm fired off a hot wire to Commissioner Pete Rozelle, complaining of what he called the Rams' "chicanery." George Allen, the head coach of the Rams, was confronted with the spy charges when the club landed in Dallas Friday evening but, understandably, he denied all and filed a countercharge of his own.

"There was a guy sitting in a eucalyptus tree overlooking our practice field Thursday," said Allen seriously. "By the time we saw him and sent someone after him, he climbed down and ran away. From the rear he looked like Bucko Kilroy."

Kilroy is a Cowboy scout and weighs in the vicinity of 300 pounds. It is hard to believe that he could have climbed a eucalyptus tree, much less perched among the limbs of one to take notes, as unnoticed as a sparrow.

Whatever the truth of the charges, it is doubtful that either Bucko Kilroy or Johnny Sanders contributed materially

to the game plans of their respective clubs. As Allen pointed out, both teams are plentifully supplied with film of previous games and each is well acquainted with the plays—and ploys—of the other. Allen also stressed that he had prepared his game plan long before Friday, when he would have received information from Sanders.

"That's all true enough," said the quiet, scholarly Landry. "They know all of our offense, but we use a lot of offensive sets and it would certainly be valuable for them to know which ones we had on our ready list. It is an unethical thing to do."

In the game itself it was not Bondian lunatics so much as the Los Angeles football team itself that made the difference. The Rams are equipped with an enormous amount of muscle, morale and mobility. They added a surprisingly good offense to the best defense in the National Football League and demolished the Dallas Cowboys 35-13 before 75,000 dismayed fans in the Cotton Bowl. The game placed the Rams at the head of the NFL along with Green Bay and Baltimore. It also established their defense as the very best.

Long before spies became an issue, George Allen had thoroughly briefed his club on the multiple, complex offense of the Cowboys. Los Angeles gave up two touchdowns, but the first of these came in the second period as a result of a blocked punt that put the ball on the Ram one, first and goal. Only once during the game could the Cowboys contrive a real drive.

"We get a hundred-page scouting report on Monday of every week, covering the club we play the next Sunday," said Max Baughan, the linebacker who came to the Rams from the Philadelphia Eagles and now captains the defensive unit. He was in the Ram dressing room after the game, his uniform drenched in perspiration, his thin, sandy hair plastered flat on his head. "From Monday to Wednesday I live in a state of confusion," he went on. "By Thursday it begins to come clear. By Friday we have it down pat and we're

ready to play our game. Coach Allen gives us a completely different defense for each club. I mean our defenses are basically the same, but the application is different for each team. We knew just about what the Cowboys would try to do to us, and they didn't have any surprises."

The Ram defense is based primarily on a fine line. The ends are 6' 5" David Jones and 6' 7" Lamar Lundy. The tackles are 6' 5" Merlin Olsen and 6' 5" Roger Brown. They add up to 1,090 pounds, which is what sometimes lands on opposing quarterbacks.

In this game, Allen's strategy was to prevent the Cowboys from scoring on long plays while allowing them the opportunity to run or to attempt short passes. "Most passes are thrown from play action now," said Lundy, the smallest (260 pounds) but senior member of the four. "The quarterback fakes to a



back going into the line, hoping you'll react to the run, and then he drops back and throws. Well, we just flat ignored the run. We went after Meredith Sure, they ran on us a little and they got some short ones, but they didn't drop any bombs on us and no team's ever gonna heat us on short passes and runs. Not when our offense plays the way it did today. They were just fantastic out there. We were really prepared for this game. I mean really."

After the game the man responsible for the preparation, Allen, said, "They did just about what we thought they would do. We knew we had to shut off Bob Hayes, and we concentrated our efforts on that. How many balls did he get? Two for 18 yards. We shut him off pretty good."

The Ram power and muscle made itself felt most keenly in the second half when Los Angeles scored twice within less than two minutes to put the game out of reach. The big defensive line, which might have been expected to flag in the 90° heat on the Cotton Bowl field, seemed instead to grow stronger as the day grew long.

"I prepared them to be a strong second-half team," said Allen proudly. "In

training camp, in the heat at Fullerton we had some very long workouts, and we always worked in full pads and head gear. That kind of work pays off on a day like this one."

The four are a relaxed, uninhibited group before and after a game, and they are fond of kidding Allen. During training camp in California, when they felt that his practices were stretching out a little too long, they had their own way to serve warning on him. All defensive teams break a huddle with a clap of their hands and a shout of "Hey!" The four, some, to let Allen know it was time to quit, would yell, "Hey, ice cream!" If he went on anyway, they changed the call to, "Hey, papaya!" Allen is very fond of ice cream and drinks papaya juice to allay a stomach ulcer.

During the long afternoon they spent chasing Dallas Quarterbacks Don Meredith and Craig Morton, the four reached them only twice, for a total loss of 16 yards. But time and again they made them hurry their throws. The Rams wound up with three pass interceptions and they recovered one fumble, and even though they were not concentrating on stopping the Dallas running attack they limited the Cowboys to just 51 yards rushing.

Dan Reeves, the strong Dallas back who was the Cowboys' leading rusher last season, carried the ball nine times and wound up with a loss of two yards.

For the first time this year, the Ram defense was augmented by an equally powerful offense. Roman Gabriel, the 6' 4" quarterback, completed 14 of his 25 passes. He rolled out around his right end from the three-yard line for the Rams' first score, then repeated the play in the fourth quarter from the one. The Rams also put on an impressive exhibition of skill and strength running the ball. They gained 221 yards in all, and this against a defensive line that is rated as second only to their own.

Ironically, the Ram whose running caused the most damage to Cowboy hopes was Les Josephson. A big, deceptively fast man who blocks as well as he runs, Josephson came to Los Angeles in a trade with Dallas. He gained 82 yards Sunday, and on the second of Gabriel's roll-out touchdowns it was Josephson who swept aside Cowboy linebacker Chuck Howley at the goal line to free him.

Two of the best runs of the afternoon, though, were turned in by Tommy Mason, the back Allen obtained from the Minnesota Vikings and kept out of the preseason games, saving him for the regular season. Mason got free for good, twisting runs of 16 and 15 yards, breaking tackles both times and cutting quickly and sharply. Dick Bass, the small Ram fullback, should be even more effective from now on with the powerful outside threat that Mason provides. He scored the Rams' last touchdown against the Cowboys when Gabriel faked wide to Mason, then handed off to him on a trap over tackle. Bass hurt through the hole, bounced off a would-be tackle by Linebacker Lee Roy Jordan, then fented his way through the Dallas secondary on a run that carried 21 yards to the goal.

By the end of the long, hot day it was obvious that the Cowboys had been beaten by a better team, one with bigger and stronger defense and a smooth, beautifully articulated offense. The Rams needed no notes from Johnny Sanders sitting in a yellow Chevrolet outside a Dallas practice field to win this one. Spies will not be a deciding factor, either, in the remainder of their schedule. The Rams clearly are one of the three best teams in the league. **END**

Ram Fullback Les Josephson (above) Cowboy and former Los Angeles rusher (below) Dallas back

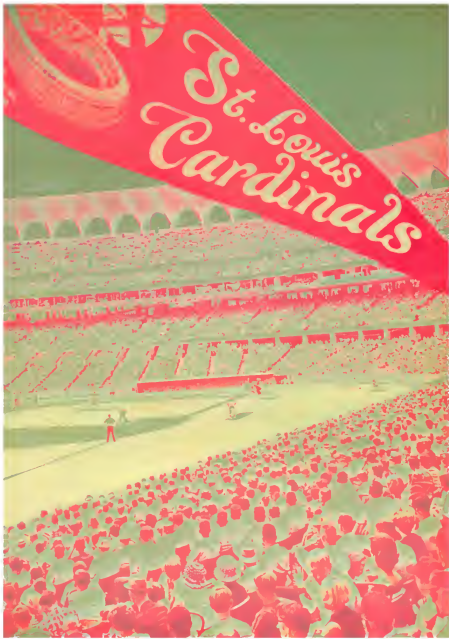


SPLASH OF STRANGE HUES IN BASEBALL'S MOST FRANTIC WEEK



The tumult of the long season culminates in the classic duel that is the World Series and, as millions of Americans focus their attention on baseball, Photographer John G. Zimmerman finds the mood and fire of the game in these almost psychedelic photographs, created with the aid of the solarization technique. The intent crowd, a slide into home, a power hitter swinging, a manager's meeting at the mound, a catcher moving for a pop-up—all are here, spectacularly colored on film.

St. Louis Cardinals







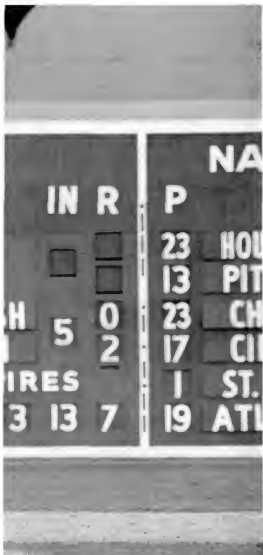




A WILD FINALE—AND IT'S BOSTON!



It went on and on and on, the American League pennant race, to the last week, the last weekend, the last game. A superplayer named Yastrzemski brought it to its proper conclusion late Sunday **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**



Carl Erner, the gray-haired manager of the Minnesota Twins, stood behind the batting cage at Boston's Fenway Park early last Sunday afternoon, watching his team take batting practice in preparation for what turned out to be the vital game of the longest, dullest and most desperate American League pennant race in history. "In bullfighting," Erner said, "I understand that the moment of truth usually comes sometime around 4 in the afternoon. I have a feeling that it will come a lot earlier today."

Not really. It was 3:21 p.m. when the truth came out about Erner's Twins. In the ensuing 24 minutes the city of Boston went wild as the Red Sox scored five runs to beat Minnesota 5-3 to win their first pennant since 1918. Of course, in keeping with the nature of the race, Boston's victory could not be fully savored until nearly four hours later when Bobby Knoop of the California Angels picked up a ground ball 700 miles west at Tiger Stadium in Detroit and turned it into a double play. That ended the game there and knocked the Tigers, who up to then had a chance to tie, into oblivion.

In retrospect, this season's American League race seemed destined from the start to be won by the Red Sox, who now take their place with the 1914 Braves and the 1951 Giants as the most improbable pennant winners in baseball's long and wonderfully colored history. Since July, people in New England—and almost everywhere else in the U.S., except Detroit, Chicago and Minnesota—had been talking about the Red Sox and their chances of winning as "the impossible dream." They kept dying in August and September—do you remember that they lost five out of seven games to Baltimore as summer turned to fall two weeks ago?

—and, like a fighter who is either punch-drunk or gallant, kept getting up and swinging. Before those last two decisive games against Minnesota, a wire was pinned upon a bulletin board hung in Boston's clubhouse. It read, "We ask nothing, but our hopes are..." *continued*

The final out of Boston's fabulous season settles in Rico Petrocelli's upraised glove as Jim Lonborg and Carl Yastrzemski jump for joy

Photograph by Herb Scharfman



Chief rival Mayo Smith of Detroit had many bad days this year, none worse than the last.



Twins and Cal Ermer (above) come close, but Eddie Steinkamp's puffy White Sox segged.



high. Godspeed." And when the Red Sox trotted out on the field for their final game of the season, the swollen crowd of 35,770 in Fenway Park (2,246 beyond official capacity) stood and cheered. The crowd in Boston wanted the Red Sox to win, sure, but the salute the team received was more a thank-you for bringing back the thrill of winning baseball to one of the great baseball cities.

The man who had made the Red Sox win all season long was Carl Yastrzemski, the brown-eyed, 28-year-old left fielder who in the last two dramatic games against the Twins did more than it seems possible for one man to do in a baseball game. Yastrzemski made breathtaking running catches and at least one utterly extraordinary throw, and he hit oh, how he hit! Eight times he came to the plate in the two games, and seven times he got hits, two infield hits, a double, three solid singles and a dramatic three-run homer.

The most important thing that Yastrzemski did, however, was take charge of a pennant race that during the final two weeks of the season threatened to disintegrate into farce. Just because four teams are locked in a fight for a championship does not mean that the race is automatically majestic—not if the teams involved play poor baseball, fumble away opportunity after opportunity and lose as many games as they win. That was what was happening, except for Yastrzemski.

The White Sox, the scramblers, had found themselves in the perfect spot, half a game out, five games to play against Kansas City and Washington, their nonpareil pitching staff rested and ready. But the White Sox were shut out three times in these last five games, lost them all and fell clamantly out of the race.

The Tigers kept lurching into contention and then, as though aghast at finding themselves in the spotlight, scurrying into shadow. They host the White Sox twice, once with a spellbinding seven-run rally in the ninth, then dropped a doubleheader the next day. They rallied to win four straight and the lead, then bowed 5-0 to the Washington Senators and blew two seemingly sure wins to Boston. They rallied again to win three straight, then threw away a 4-2 lead in Washington in the ninth. On the final weekend of the season, confronted with successive doubleheaders, they won the

big first game each day and then died in the second.

Minnesota held onto first place, either in whole or in part, from September 2 to the end of the season, except for two days in midmonth and on the fateful 1st of October. The Twins, though they did not know it for certain at the time, abandoned the pennant in Chicago when they were beaten once, twice, three times by the White Sox, the middle game falling through their hands like quicksilver when the Sox scored four times in the last of the month to win 5-4.

Yet by last Saturday afternoon Boston's chances for a pennant required a sweep of the Twins, and Minnesota had its two best pitchers, Jim Kaat and Dean Chance, ready to pitch. The Twins had always played well in Fenway Park, in their pennant-winning year, 1965, they had beaten the Red Sox in 17 of 18 games and had won eight of nine played in Fenway.

But bad luck and bad morale dogged this year's Twins. Not long before the crucial meeting with the Red Sox, the team divided even further on the question of who would get World Series shares and why. Many veteran members of the Twins felt that Sam Mele, the deposed manager, should be cut. He had handled the club from late 1962 until Owner Cal Griffith relieved him of his post in early June this year and replaced him with Ermer. The players argued violently, and the wishes of the veterans were rejected. As one of them said, "I was never so ashamed of anything in my life. And we had enough problems even before that came up."

When they went against Boston in the showdown series last weekend the Twins played their absolute worst. An elbow injury forced Minnesota's best September pitcher, Jim Kaat, out of the first game in the third inning. But even so, the Red Sox seemed always to be the attacking team. In the Saturday game Minnesota carried a 1-0 lead into the fifth inning, and then Boston got two runs. The Twins tied the game in the sixth, but when Ron Kline came on in relief George Scott launched his first pitch into the center-field stands for a homer that put the Sox ahead. In the seventh Boston put two runners on base, one on a gracious error by Shortstop Zito Versalles, and Yastrzemski came to bat. Carl instantly homered into the bullpen, and one Vice-President, six governors, two

continued

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Senators and all of Boston stood up and cheered, though the Vice-President was just being polite.

That homer eventually proved to be the hit that won Yastrzemski baseball's Triple Crown and Boston the pennant. When Yastrzemski went out to left field the next inning with the crowd still cheering, he scraped for a moment at the grass with his spikes and hollered over his shoulder to the man in the left-field scoreboard to ask about the progress of the Detroit-California game. Then, when the crowd finally quieted down he looked up into the stands and raised his cap just slightly. Later he said, "I knew the dream was no longer impossible."

In Sunday's game Yastrzemski had trouble picking up a base hit by Killebrew, and it went through his legs for an error that let Minnesota go ahead 2-0. "I felt awful," he said afterward, "like I goofed the whole world up." But in the sixth inning Yaz's hit was the key one that rocketed Boston to the championship. With the bases loaded, the Red Sox losing 2-0, he deftly pounded a single to center to tie the game. That was the inning that Pitcher Jim Lonborg launched with a startling safe bunt, and when it was over Boston led 5-2. But Yastrzemski was not through. With Minnesota threatening in the seventh inning, one run in, Harmon Killebrew chugging to third and Bob Allison digging for second with the tying run after dumping a double, seemingly, into the left-field corner, Yastrzemski came up with the ball, threw strongly and perfectly to second and cut Allison down. "I looked for an exacting second," Yastrzemski said later. And then he threw, to the right base at the right time.

When the game was over Yastrzemski was pounded on the back by Tom Yawkey, who has been the owner of the Red Sox for more than three decades. Later, after Detroit had lost to California, Yawkey walked over to Yastrzemski and said, "Carl, I don't know what to say to thank you. In my 33 years of baseball nothing has ever had me more excited." Yastrzemski looked at Yawkey and said, "Do we finally get a chance to drink the champagne?"

Dick Williams, the 38-year-old manager, raised a glass and said to Yawkey, "Here's to the pennant." Yawkey said, "I haven't had a drink in four years, but I'll drink to that." The impossible dream had come true.

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THE SONIC BOOM IN SEATTLE

First major league franchise in the Northwest, the SuperSonics of the National Basketball Association are a big hit in town so far, but then the season hasn't opened yet

by FRANK DEFORD

Seattle is located down the Strait of Juan de Fuca, on Puget Sound, west of the Cascades, east of the Japan Current, nestled in Boeing's pocket and, at present, in the apple of Charlie Finley's eye. It is the largest city in the Northwest, 19th in the nation, with a metropolitan population of more than a million and a half and one new major league franchise—the Seattle SuperSonics, or Sonics or SuperBabies, as they are also, affectionately, known. For the first time, the National Basketball Association has moved into virgin territory ahead of its football and baseball competitors.

The NBA accepted Seattle and San Diego as expansion teams for this season. Both are fresh new franchises in bur-

geoning Pacific areas, operating under bright, able leadership—the San Diego Rockets are in the capable hands of General Manager-Coach Jack McMahon—but there is one big difference between them. The Rockets are one of seven established major league teams in the Los Angeles-Orange County-San Diego corridor, an area hardly the size of Delaware. The Sonics, on the other hand, are the lone big-league franchise in the entire northwest quadrant of the nation, an area stretching north from San Francisco and west from Minneapolis-St. Paul.

Seattle represents the final frontier for expansion, so it is witnessing one of the last of those wonderful, childish times of innocence and pride that have touched

so many U.S. cities in the last 15 years—when our city finally got in the major leagues, when our ball club first came to town. It all began that breezy April morning in 1953 when the Braves came down Wisconsin Avenue into Milwaukee. The parade ends at last, now, under the Space Needle in Seattle. The time is over. All the country has majors now. There are no more wide-open spaces left.

Curiously, unlike most of its expansion predecessors, Seattle made little effort to get the franchise. But once the city woke up to find it did at last have one, it began to embrace the team properly. In April, six months before the season would start, excitement was at such a pitch that a coin flip between Seattle and San Diego—to



FROM THEIR APARTMENT TERRACE, TOMMY AND DIANE KWON CAN SEE THE SPACE NEEDLE, BUT WHERE'S MT. RAINIER? SNOGGEDUND

determine which would draft first—was broadcast live back to Seattle from San Francisco. Presumably, this was a first for coin flips and, burdened with the responsibility of reporting this historic occasion, Hank Greenwald, the incisive and witty San Francisco announcer, broadcast it all in the phony death whisper that usually distinguishes golf broadcasts. Seattle lost the flip.

Still, the interest grew, undaunted. A booster club, the UltraSonics, was swiftly assembled. Club officials were invited to speak all over the state. Season tickets were pushed. The newspapers reported scores of the practice "horse" games that groups of the Sonics played against each other.

To preside over the club's black-tie opening-night ceremonies on October 20, a civic group that calls itself, descriptively, Seattle Welcomes The SuperSonics Committee, was also formed. In its enthusiasm, this organization proposed a half-time show that, calculated conservatively, would have lasted for 2½ hours. The climax would have been a Holly-

wood star ("preferably female") descending a red carpet stretched down the aisles from the top of the Coliseum to mid-court. Reaching that point, she (preferably) would lead the assembled 13,000 in the singing of *Hello, Sonics*. (What this country needs is federal legislation outlawing any more versions of *Hello, You-know-who*.)

The Sonics are run by a triumvirate. Don Richman, a TV writer from Studio City, is the general manager; Dick Vertlieb, a stockbroker from Los Angeles, is the business manager; Al Bianchi, a former journeyman guard, who spent most of his career in Syracuse, is the coach. Bianchi is described by Richman as a "quality dead-end kid" or a "quiet assassin." The players under his command are the usual band of kids and very-nears and Al Bianchi-type hangers-on, who make up expansion teams in every sport. The biggest names are Tom Meschery, a poet, who is on leave of absence from the Peace Corps to play two years with the Sonics, and Walt Hazzard, who lost his job with the Lakers when

his tenant, Archie Clark, beat him out.

On the surface, it might appear that the two guys in from L.A.—the TV fellow and the Merrill Lynch hotshot—are on the scene to try a quick fleeing of the locals. But this is not the case. Richman and Vertlieb came to Seattle at a considerable financial and emotional cost. They had to uproot their families, and they both left far more lucrative jobs. "I was making a lot of money," Vertlieb says, "but I found I just wasn't satisfied. We're both frustrated athletes and sports nuts, and the more Don and I talked about this the more I knew we had to try it. I gave up my stockbroker's license. This is it. If we didn't do it, we knew we'd spend the rest of our lives wondering why we didn't take the chance."

They got their backing from Eugene Klein and Samuel Schulman, the San Diego Chargers' owners, who took about 70% of the Sonics, which cost them \$1,750,000. The rest is held by smaller stockholders. Richman and Vertlieb have what they describe as a "participating" stake in profits. Both have been

continued



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after the scene.

SOMIC BOOM

associated with sports before. Vertheb coached in high school and was an assistant at USC, where Richman worked as sports publicity director. Richman also ran the Chargers the one year they were in Los Angeles, and his public-relations firm served as a consultant for the Lakers. Then he got into TV scriptwriting. He wrote for *The Danny Kaye Show*, *Gulcher*, *The Farmer's Daughter*, *Frank*, *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, *Gilligan's Island* (in which Hazard once appeared) and *Green Acres*. "Then," Richman says, "warrior was out, so I had to go to school." He did *Rat Patrol* and *Jason* and *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* His last short script was one for *U.N.C.L.E.* but it never made the air. NBC rejected the story as too "imperial."

Here is the way it went: A character described by Richman as "Gandhi-like" calls into the lobbies of axes if it is his imagination who has a bomb planted under Gandhi-like when Gandhi-like thinks he is just having an appendectomy. The evil one can send radio messages to the bomb, and he plans to act as it when Gandhi-like addresses a conference of the world's disarmament leaders. Luckily, however, the signals from the radio are picked up by the fillings in the teeth of a girl from Newport News, Va. She lets on about this to the man from U.N.C.L.E. The way it all was to work out, she is in the dentist chair, intercepting the signals when Gandhi-like gets up to speak to the conference (and, unbeknownst to him, get everybody blown up). But the man from U.N.C.L.E. crosses signals, and when Gandhi-like opens his mouth the sound of the Beatles emanates from it because that is what the girl from Newport News, Va. is listening to while she sits in the dentist's chair.

Now, is Seattle ready for the mind that created this episode? Richman himself is not sure. The Northwest has a California complex. It is jealous of the Golden State's suspicious, too. Yet it is impressed by California, and the natives like to boast that they are on the way to emulating California. "Seattle is where Los Angeles was 15 years ago," gives the accepted halloo-ho line. Richman, recognizing these ambivalent emotions, decided he better come on low key for a change. A small little fellow, who looks like a seaphile Peter Coore, he still wears his hair brushed down in front and can't stop snapping off the one-liners. "We have two seasons in Seattle—rainy and the fourth

of July." "But you see," he says, lingering a dark top tie, "I am wearing very sincere clothes."

Bianchi, too, appears pleasantly out of place. He moves about in deep open-neck shirts, tight cuffless pastel blue pants and tennis—not basketball, but tennis—shoes. Last year, in Oakland, where he was appearing as assistant coach with the Chicago Bulls, a brass female voice called out to him. "Hey, Bianchi, how come you wear such tight pants?"

"Hey, didn't you come to watch the game?" Al replied.

Bianchi was never a big name in the pros. One St. Patrick's Day in Los Angeles the Lakers had green nets up, and Bianchi went for 25 points. The story is he went the rest of his time in the league just waiting for some more green nets. His career average was 8.1. Bianchi was asked to explain this at his first Seattle press conference. "It was very difficult to score," he replied, "from my position on the bench." For opening night, Richman is going to get Bianchi to join the black-tie crowd and sit on the bench in his tuxedo.

Is Seattle ready for this? Some sophisticates hold that it is home for the world's square. Richman had a reception for the team—Tennis With The Sonics, it was called—but in the Space Needle the drinks they push are frothy rum merings that come with sipping straws, one with a candle on top. There is the Cloud Buster, the Milky Way and the Hay Stack, so that you can find a hay stack in the air, you guessed it. The Sonics players were reading a front-page story the other day that described the trials of Miss Susan Brakes, 22, who was pictured in a modest outfit, the headline falling to just above her knees. Miss Brakes had been sent home from her job at the Seattle post office because this "mim-skir" was "too distracting." The paper said "a respected and trusted woman" had been called in to render this decision. The players were aghast. They just stared at the picture and read the story, over and over, shaking their heads.

Seattle is really more like the Midwest than California. It is an honest home town. About 90% of the people came from somewhere else, and now that they have found a home they are loathe to leave it except to go to work at Boeing. There are, it is estimated, 250,000 outdoor barbecues in King County, which

continued

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may be why, during this past uncommonly hot summer, a smog often hung over the city, obliterating the magnificent view of Mt. Rainier. On a clear day, Rainier appears like a bottomless snow-capped shield above the city, though it is 55 miles away. Tommy Kross, a guard with the Sonics, rented an apartment on Queen Anne Hill, with a view of the city and the mountain to the south. But the Krosses were in Seattle for two weeks before the air cleared. Tommy walked out on the balcony one day and there was this monstrous mountain. "Honey," he called to his wife Diane, "you won't believe this, but all of a sudden there's this mountain right outside the window." Diane called back for him to stop playing jokes.

"Everybody here keeps telling me that they are so sorry we are having so much haze," says Mrs. Pat Hazard. "I tell them, look, I lived in Los Angeles for seven years, and this isn't haze. It is good old smog. But they really don't want to hear that."

Seattle was settled in the 1890s, incorporated in 1869 and burned to the ground in 1889, a week after Johnstown had its flood. Rebuilt, it had its first boom, non-sonic, during the Alaskan gold rush. The port, and the longshoremen who huddled there, kept the city growing. It is still a big union town. Then came the aircraft industry, and Boeing. The new sparsescrow most world developments to headline each Boeing sale of a 707. Seattle is a boomtown for real now. Unemployment is low, the workers come from California. Sonics Forward Bud Olsen was amazed to discover that prices were as high as they are in San Francisco. The Oliversons and their two little girls had to settle for a house 18 miles outside of town.

The team has already sold 1,500 season tickets, with a total advance nearing \$250,000, respectable figures for most established clubs. Atlantic Richfield bought TV-radio rights for the next five years for \$1 million, and the local NBC outlet plans to preempt 11 nights of prime time for Sonics games. The Sonics are aware, of course, that the outpouring of love and support for them is not altogether altruistic. Sentimentalists feel that if they do well by the Sonics, pro baseball and football are more likely to show up next. The Cleveland Indians almost came a couple years ago, and Charlie Finley would probably love to come to the Northwest and its frontier TV territory.

continued

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Guide Division



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SONIC BOOM *continued*

—if Seattle had a stadium. The voters turned down a stadium bond issue two years ago, but a new and more attractive proposition for a \$40 million domed stadium will be on the February ballot. It is a good bet to win.

The Sonic players, if somewhat bemused by the gee-whiz attitude of their new fans, are enjoying it and glad of the chance the fresh territory offers them. They also like their new management and are impressed with Bianchi, who has succeeded in enhancing the good reputation he came with. Hazzard calls him a "budding genius." Meschery says, "There is a chance for greatness there." In manner and strategy, Bianchi has patterned himself after Alex Hannum, who was his coach at Syracuse. Last year, with John Kerr in Chicago, Bianchi helped teach the same basic system, and the Bulls became the most successful expansion team in history. "If any more coaches come in the league copying Hannum," Hazzard says, "Alex can get residuals." While he was with Kerr, Bianchi put the finishing touches on his own style. "Alex's manner is to stand back, look at you, examine, and then act decisively as if there could not be any other way," Meschery says. "Johnny Kerr succeeds with joking. And Al does it just as well his own way, too. He manages quietly, softly. You find yourself hanging on his words, just about mesmerized by his few simple hand motions."

Bianchi will have to make the Sonics run and gamble and scramble to make up for their lack of experience as a unit and lack of size underneath. But then, that was the way Bianchi played and stayed in the league for 10 years. Hazzard says, "You can see Al out there, working, just bringing back our confidence. After all, the first thing he has to do is make us forget that we are all a bunch of castoffs. We know we are, still."

"You turn it around," Bianchi says. "You make that work for you. You say, 'O.K., here's your chance, so now show me.'"

Unlike the others, Meschery does not carry the stigma of rejection. He had informed the San Francisco Warriors that he and his wife were going to Korea to work in the district office of the Peace Corps there, and he meant it. Tom Meschery is not the sort of man who would use the Peace Corps as a holdout gimmick. But Rahman simply offered him too much money, flat out, and he post-

poned his Peace Corps assignment for two years, although the Mescherys will work in Korea between seasons. Meschery is among the most sensitive and articulate of pro athletes. He is publishing a book of his own basketball poetry this winter. But he is not a lone intellect on the Sonics. If anything, the team is better in readin' and writin' than in that other *s*, reboundin'. Plummer Lott, the rookie from Seattle U., is planning to attend law school. Kron is going after a master's in business. Donnie Murres, the first-string center, is completing his degree in electrical engineering. Forward Henry Akin is also finishing his college studies, and first-round college draft choice Al Tucker received, as part of his bonus, a promise from the Sonics that they would finance the completion of his schooling. Bob Weiss—who joins Hazzard, Rod Thorn and Kron in a most respectable backcourt—has already earned his master's, and his thesis was the basis for establishing a program for intramural athletics in the Philadelphia elementary school system.

The Sonics made a point of considering the personality and character of players to be drafted, instead of leaning solely on talent. Hazzard, the first they selected (after San Diego chose Center Tohy Kimball from Boston), possesses the particular qualities that can hasten the formation of a team identity. He comes into the locker room, playing Taps on an imaginary trumpet. The dirge is low Henry Akin, who has just taken another beating in a card game that Olsen introduced called Boo-Rax. "Henry Akin," Hazzard calls out. "Hears, the same old tune." He blows another round of Taps. Akin, perhaps the only chew-tobacco basketball player, eyes Hazzard morosely, but he is suppressing a smile.

Hazzard and Thorn ask Meschery, the highest-paid Sonic, to sign their paychecks so that they can be cashed. Wall follows with a few pointed remarks about the cost of Meschery's new home in the fancy suburb of Mercer Island. Hazzard's own spiffs home is in Bellevue, another high-dollar community. He was the first Negro in the area, and to welcome him his neighbors gave the Hazzards a little party. The very next day Hazzard's 2-year-old son, Scoutie, took a large bite out of the arm of a little girl down the street.

I like Meschery. Hazzard had no busi-

ness being on anybody's expansion list. Unfortunately, the owner of the Lakers, the self-assured Jack Kent Cooke, persuaded himself that Hazzard and Rudy LaRusso were the cause of all the team's problems. It is true that Hazzard's unique playmaking abilities were superfluous on a team whose basic strategy has always been to get the ball to Elgin Baylor and Jerry West and then fall back on defense. For the first 10 games of last season, when both stars were injured much of the time, Hazzard averaged 19.8 points, ninth in the league. He was playing 34 minutes a game and was fourth in the NBA in assists—figures he could easily maintain for the full season with the Sonics. For the balance of last season, however, he played only 19 minutes a game and averaged 7.7.

"Mr. Cooke would come in the locker room and shake hands with everyone else—this is only after we won a game, of course," Hazzard says. "He'd just nod at me. Then he would invariably take my chair. *Invariably*. I don't understand that man. I don't ask him to like me, but why does he let his personal feelings influence the way he feels about the job his players are doing on the court? I'll tell you, by the end of last season I had lost all confidence. I was just mentally worn down. I love this game, but I would have quit it before I played another season in Los Angeles."

"What they have done to that team? I knew I was going, but I just couldn't believe it. When the announcement came that Seattle had picked me, he was over in about five minutes, and he just couldn't understand it. Heered Canyon imagine that—Elgin crying? I miss him, I miss Archie. I don't miss anything else in L.A."

"Up here, they treat you like a man. We had a meeting the other day. I spoke to Tom and Rod about it, and we all just got together. We talked about how we've got to play for that man [Bianchi]. We have to go out like this," he clenched a fist. "No. I don't mean *hard*. I mean *together*. I mean unity. We do that, and we can win some games."

"Going in with an expansion team," Tom Meschery says, "is like buying a 50¢ speculative stock over the counter. If you hit it, you hit it big. But it is not just the financial analogy. I don't want to dwell on that. Your pride can go up, and your self-esteem. And the things that disappointed you can all fade away." **END**

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The Bulldogs looked for trouble and found it

It is not for nothing that the small swale which is the site of Clemson's Memorial Stadium is called Death Valley by opponents, and only a last-quarter touchdown run enabled highly favored Georgia to escape alive

His Southeastern Conference on-champion Georgia Bulldogs were scheduled to play the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Coach Vince Dooley would be terribly misled. "I know we're favored," he would probably say, "but remember, they beat the DAR by 14 points last week. And that lady at left tackle loves to hit." Dooley has been drawing wolf at Georgia for three years, and in that time his teams have almost always proved him wrong. But at Clemson, S.C., last weekend the highly rated Bulldogs nearly made a prophet of their coach.

There were those who thought Clemson would serve as Dish of Dogmeat No. 2 for Georgia, which had crushed Mississippi State 30-0 the week before. But Dooley, true to form, was pessimistic, for the Tigers had started off their season by drubbing Wake Forest 23-6.

"Everything Clemson did against Wake Forest was like being at midseason form," Dooley said. "They didn't lose a fumble. They didn't miss any assign-

ments. They were just tremendous. I really think Clemson should beat us." On Saturday, in their own friendly Clemson Memorial Stadium, the Tigers almost did, before surrendering 24-17.

Memorial Stadium is the pride of Clemson Coach Frank Howard, a bald, fat and finny man who chews Penn's Thin tobacco and seldom loses at checkers. The stadium is down a little hill, nestled in a gully. The Army Corps of Engineers, not long ago, had to build two dikes to keep a flooding reservoir from filling it up to the 27th row. Everybody calls it Death Valley, because it is usually a graveyard for visiting teams. This year Howard has installed a rock from the real Death Valley, in California, and it sits on a pedestal near the Clemson players' entrance. Each man puts it before running down a 104-foot orange-and-purple rug and onto the field.

In spite of Georgia's reputation, Howard was reasonably optimistic. "I think this is one of the best teams I've had in a long time," he said. "I'm not like those pretty coaches up the line who talk about what poor teams they're going to have. They don't sell tickets."

One of the added attractions of this particular episode of "Death Valley Days" was the presence on Georgia's squad of Kent Lawrence, a 9.5 sprinter from the Clemson area. Some folks in Pickens County say Kent sprinted down to Georgia because his college entrance-exam figures were not up to ACC standards. They, and Coach Howard, refer to the SEC as the Kamaikiehead League, which is not the kind of sentiment that makes for peaceful southern afternoons.

By half time last Saturday few in the capacity crowd still shared Howard's optimism. Georgia was out in front 17-3 after intercepting two passes, recovering a fumble, kicking a field goal and led by Kirby Moore, a husky little senior quarterback, scoring two touchdowns. Obviously Coach Dooley had been playing psychological games with that Clem-

son-in-midseason-form propaganda.

But Clemson was not about to roll up its rug and retire gracefully. Behind their powerful offensive line, the Tigers advanced to a third-quarter touchdown with all the delicacy of an armored division, and moments later Frank Howard returned a punt 52 yards for another Clemson touchdown, tying the score 17-17.

Clemson had the momentum and against most teams would have gone on to win, but Georgia's defense lived up to its reputation through the whole fourth quarter, and the offense, which previously had not been able to move the ball on the ground, slowly drove for the winning touchdown. It came when local-boy-makes-good Kent Lawrence dashed around end for 14 yards and went sailing into the end zone upside down.

"I told the coaches a while ago that we seemed to be backsliding," said Kirby Moore. "But I think we got the test today, and we passed it. Coach Dooley had us well prepared. He's really smart."

He is, indeed, and he may even start to develop the kind of following that hallowed Bear Bryant has over at Alabama. Jokes about Bryant's near divinity have been all the rage in Dixie, and there is a famous trick photograph that shows the Bear walking on water. Last week a cartoon was circulated on the Georgia campus that showed Vince Dooley running on water and carrying Bear Bryant in his arms.

JOE JAMES



FLYING into the end zone backward, Georgia's Kent Lawrence scores the winning touchdown

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. ARMY (2-0) 2. SYRACUSE (2-0) 3. NAVY (1-1)

For a while last Saturday Army Coach Tom Cahill might have thought he was in for another Boston Massacre when Boston College took the opening kickoff and went 80 yards, scoring on a three-yard plunge by sophomore Quarterback Mike Fallon. The

Army defense recovered, but despite heroics by Linschaker Jim Bevas, who blocked a punt for a safety and prevented a HC score with an interception, the C-iders were still behind 10-9 at half time. Then Nick Kuriklin kicked two field goals, Fullback Charlie Jarvis broke away for 64 yards to set up a nine-yard touchdown run by his substitute, John Greenlee, and Army pulled through 21-10.

Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder felt that West Virginia would look for a heavy pounding from Fullback Larry Conka, so he decided on a most unlikely gambit: a passing game, and Quarterback Rick Casata threw for two touchdowns. Between passes, Conka managed 117 yards. But most impressive of all was the Syracuse defense, the best against rushing in the nation. Led by Ends Dave Conway and Steve Zegallia, it held West Virginia to minus 19 yards, as the Orange won 23-6.

The Ivy League opened against outsiders and met some respected difficulties. Princeton looked beaten when Rutgers Fullback Brian Mitchell ran 33 yards for his third touchdown to put the Scarlet ahead 21-14 with only 2:04 to go in the last minute. However, Fullback Bob Weber threw an 11-yard pass to Bob Schoene and then caught a two-point pass from Norman MacLean to win for the Tigers 22-21. Dartmouth also had to come from behind to beat Massachusetts 28-10, while Yale lost to Holy Cross 26-14. Harvard defeated Lafayette 51-14 as Quarterback Ric Zimmerman threw three touchdown passes. In other Ivy games Columbia took Colgate 17-14, Penn outscored 14-high 35-23, Cornell beat Bucknell 21-7, and Brown was defeated by Rhode Island 12-8.

THE SOUTH 1 GEORGIA (2-0) 2. ALABAMA (1-0) 3. TENNESSEE (1-1)

Breused in the ego by giving up 37 points in its opening game, Alabama's defense was back to normal against Southern Mississippi, permitting only 12 yards rushing and 120 passing. Not was the offense sluggish. Quarterback Kenny Stabler completed 19 of 26 passes, three of them to his roommate, Split End Dennis Homan, for touchdowns, and Alabama won 25-3.

But Alabama may not have things quite so easy next week against Mississippi, for Ole Miss began to look like the SEC contender everybody thought it was when the Rebels ran past Kentucky 26-13. Tennessee could have been in for real trouble when Quarterback Dewey Warren was carried off the field with a knee injury early in the second half against Auburn, with the Vols ahead only 14-13. But Fullback Charlie Fulton, who used to be a quarterback, had not forgotten how. He ran and passed Tennessee

to two touchdowns and a 27-13 victory. Florida, with Fullback Graham McKeel scoring twice in the second half against Mississippi State, won handily 24-7. LSU showed lots of nerve in beating poor Texas A&M 17-6.

South Carolina continued to act like an Atlantic Coast challenger. Coach Paul Dietzel came up with a spread offense that loosened up Duke's defense and Fullback Warren Muir's one-yard plunge, with 38 seconds to play, gave the Gamecocks a 21-17 victory.

Miami, struggling with its quarterback problems, got upset again, this time in Penn State 17-8. Miami Coach Charlie Fife had to be cautious when State's Tom Sherman offensively completed 15 of 24 passes for 188 yards. "Too bad I can't trade for a quarterback or buy one," Fife said later.

North Carolina State's defensive unit, which has been wearing white shoes this year because it wants "identities" earned it against Florida State. The Wolfpack held FSU to 36 yards rushing in a 20-0 victory. Georgia Tech struggled for a while with TCU before winning 24-7, and Tulane looked sound against North Carolina 14-11.

THE SOUTHWEST 1 DUTCHMAN (3-0) 2. TEXAS (1-0) 12-0) 3. TEXAS A&M (1-0) 1-0) 1-0)

Texas and Arkansas are supposed to be the two strongest teams in the Southwest Conference, and perhaps someday this season they may win a game. But not yet. It was Texas Tech that beat the Longhorns on Saturday after eight years of trying. Tech Coach J. T. King instructed his defense secondary to charge in fast to stop the runs of Texas' Bill Bradley and Chris Gilbert, with all the risks of long gains that such a defense implies. But only once was Tech caught, Gilbert got away for an 80-yard touchdown run. Tech Quarterback John Snydall more than made up for it. He carried 25 times for 175 yards, ran for one touchdown and passed for another. Ken Vanzand kicked 37- and 44-yard field goals and the Raiders had a 19-13 win. "We were sick of hearing about this Longhorn supremacy," said King. "We had the best material and we won."

Arkansas also lost its second straight. This time to Tulsa 14-12. In 1968 Coach Glenn Dobbs had predicted, "Arkansas won't beat me next year. I'll have his team, and theirs will be gone." How right he was. He got his big boys flummoxed and went after the Hogs hard with a surprising running game instead of Tulsa's usual throw, throw, throw. Quarterback Mike Singling scored on eight- and two-yard runs. Doug Watts kicked two extra points and that was enough.

Houston, meanwhile, rolled on Quarterback Dick Woodall threw four touchdown

passes, three of them in Split End Ken Hebert, who also kicked six extra points and ran for two to score 28-0 in all, as the Cougars ripped off 695 yards on offense and beat Wake Forest 50-6. Houston's last line played only a half and Wendell Warren McVea a little more than a quarter, scoring once on a 70-yard pass play. Rice was the only SWC team to win. The Owls overcame a slow start with a 33-yard pass and a 60-yard run beat Navy 21-7.

THE MIDWEST 1. PURDUE (2-0) 2. CINCINNATI (2-0) 3. MICHIGAN (1-1)

UMT Coach John McKay was talking about his team the night before the Michigan State game. "I wish I knew how good we really are," he said. "What will we do tomorrow?" Well, we'll pass against them if we can, and I think we'll just let UJ Simpson see how strong their defense is." O-I found out, and it wasn't strong enough. Quarterback Steve Sogge spread out the Spartan defense with his quick, sharp passes. He completed 14 of 16, and Simpson darted into the running room that the passing made available. Leaning, taking and huddling when he had to, he carried 30 yards for 90 yards and scored two touchdowns. Even with that the Terriers were behind 17-14 at half time thanks to a comedy of second-period errors that let Michigan State take advantage of a fumbled punt, an all-out-obvious long-passing situation and a misguided intentional safety for all of its points. Then Simpson showed another one of his talents. He threw a seven-yard pass, actually it floated like a paper airplane, to Jim Lawrence for the touchdown that gave the Trojans a 21-17 win.

Michigan State's defeat was only part of one of the Blackest Saturdays in Big Ten history. Except for Purdue's 28-21 upset of Notre Dame (over 20), Illinois' 34-6 stomping of Pitt and Indiana's narrow 18-15 win over Kansas, every body lost. Wisconsin was shocked by Arizona State 42-16, Iowa lost to Oregon State 18-18 and Minnesota, Northwestern and Ohio State kept the scores respectable but went down, too. Minnesota managed to stay even until half time, when Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney told his players: "Run faster and block harder. They did, just enough to score one touchdown and win 7-0. Northwestern gave Missouri trouble until Gary Kombski, a quarterback who is supposed to be too intelligent to pass and too wobbly to run, joined the Tiger offense. He passed and ran for 233 yards and set up two field goals by Jay Wallace, as Missouri won 13-7. Ohio State got the biggest surprise of all. Perhaps the Buckeyes believed it when Arizona Coach Darrell Mudra said, "If I were Woody Hayes, I wouldn't be too excited about

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

playing us." OSU got an early touchdown and that was all, as junior Quarterback Bruce Lee led the Wildcats to two scores and a 14-7 victory.

Oklahoma showed some Big Eight muscle by walloping Maryland 35-0, but Kansas State tumbled back to reality when it lost to Virginia Tech 15-3. In the Mid-American, Kent State surprised Ohio U. 21-14 as Doc Fitzgerald ran for 139 yards.

THE WEST 1 USC (3-0) 2, UCLA (3-0) 3, WYOMING (3-0)

UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro was offended. Washington State, which had not scored all season, marched through the Bruins for 80 yards and a touchdown the first time it got the ball. The brash Cougars were punished immediately for their fling. Quarterback Gary Heban and Halfback Greg Jones passed and ran for four touchdowns and, when they sat down, substitute Quarterback Bill Bolden scored two more, one on a

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Purdue Halfback Leroy Keyen, who played both offense and defense in win over Notre Dame—and both wonderfully well—catching nine passes, running the ball, scoring once and making a vital interception.

THE LINEMAN: Wyoming Linebacker Jim House, a 200-pound junior, raised havoc with Colorado State's offense by making 10 tackles, helping with eight others and knocking down three passes in the Cowboy's 13-10 victory.

55-yard run. Soccer-style-Kicker Zenon Andrusyshyn booted two field goals and five extra points, and UCLA had its rout 51-23.

Most Pacific Eight coaches had equally pleasant days. Washington finally got its new swing offense going behind sophomore Quarterback Tom Matke. Oon Martin kicked three field goals, including a 56-yarder, and the Huskies trounced Air Force 30-7. California pulled off a mild upset by stopping favored Michigan 10-9 and Stanford outscored San Jose State 28-14. Only Oregon faltered, losing to Utah 21-0.

Just in case any Wyoming player had forgotten last year's lone defeat—a 12-10 loss to Colorado State—Coach Lloyd Eaton had a handy reminder ready for him Saturday. When the Cowboys took the field they ran through a paper hoop that was inscribed, "Remember '66." After that bit of whimsy Quarterback Paul Toscano proceeded to tear at Colorado State with his passing, completing 14 of 29 for 250 yards and one touchdown. But even with that, Wyoming needed Jerry DePoyster's two field goals, the last one from 35 yards out—to win 13-10. Meanwhile, Bingham Young showed it will be a strong Western AC contender by rolling over Western Michigan 44-19.

END



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The devil had a left jab

After the fight Nino Benvenuti had visions of Satan dancing in his head, but his real tormentor was a very down-to-earth Emile Griffith

Once again it was Mamma who knew best. "Didn't I tell you no Griffith ever lose twice?" Emilda Griffith was telling the world last week after her Emile beat Nino Benvenuti on a majority decision to regain the middleweight championship. "There's no better child in New York. He made out of good stuff. He not made out of wine. When Mamma speak he listen, and he hit him in the belly. Nino only had a gift. He had to return it back."

What's more, when Gil Clancy speak Griffith listen. Clancy, who is Griffith's co-manager and trainer, told Griffith before the fight: "Emile, I know you're tight and nervous, but do me a favor and fight a good first round. In any championship fight the guy only holds the title until the bell rings." During the fight Clancy told him a few other things, like "Hit him! What the hell are you looking at? Don't you go to sleep. You pay

attention." To which Griffith replied, "Yes, sir." This is one way Clancy and Griffith win a lot more than they lose.

Furthermore, when Asdrubal Madsu, a soulful young man whom Griffith describes as his son and Clancy's spy, speak, Griffith may be unexpectedly moved to tears. "The day of the fight I couldn't sleep," Griffith said when it was all over. "I tried, but I was edgy, so I looked at TV all day. Cartoons, as usual. Then Madsu came in with the sneakers I was going to wear in the ring if it was really raining. 'Fight until you drop,' Madsu said. Tears came into my eyes. And I was ready. Tonight I felt like fighting for the first time since my . . . my accident. I hate talking about it."

He was referring to his third fight with Benny Paret, who died thereafter. Griffith was locked in a bathroom in the Sheraton-Tenney near LaGuardia Airport, holding a little drink in his right

hand—his victory party was on the other side of the door, with the left hand Griffith was picking a hair from Benvenuti's chest out of his teeth. It had been that kind of a fight. "He actually was biting my ear in the ring," Griffith said, outraged. "Once he even pinched my butt and looked at me and laughed. I grabbed him by the throat."

It must have been a left grab, because that was the hand that won for Griffith—a lot of left jabs and straight lefts. "I beat the guy with one hand," Griffith said. (This is not to imply that he neglected shots to the body. As Howard Albert, his other manager, kept yelling from the corner, "In the spaghetti, Emile.") Griffith did some jabbing in the first fight, but he was reaching with the jab instead of moving behind it, so that he was off balance, and since he kept coming at Benvenuti in a straight line, it was a simple matter for Benvenuti to step back from the jabs. Last week, as fog drifted through the ring in New York's Shea Stadium, Clancy had Griffith moving his head and shoulders as he advanced, that way Benvenuti could not predict the angle from which the jabs were coming and evade them. Clancy also made Griffith do what he calls "jabbing with your feet." By this, Clancy means that a fighter does not put his weight on his left foot when he jabs but, like a fencer, moves forward with his weight equally distributed. In this fashion he can keep pressing with the jab without losing his balance.

Still another innovation had Griffith leaning to the left as he jabbed instead of to the right, which is the natural tendency. By dipping to the left Griffith was not only able to reach Benvenuti with his jab, but he kept Nino from slipping it to the right. Clancy got Griffith to bend to the left by making him wear a patch over his left eye in training.

In a sense, the fight was over after the first round. Griffith did Clancy the favor and got off fast with his reconditioned jab and won it big. Benvenuti knew what was hitting him. What, to his subsequent sorrow, he did not know was what to do about it. Benvenuti needs room to fight, but when he backed off Griffith did not stand there looking menacingly at him, as was the case in the first fight, so Benvenuti could counter with his flashy uppercuts. He was where Benvenuti had just been, and Benvenuti had another jab in the mush. The first round



GRIFFITH SHOOTS HIS STRAIGHT—AND IMPROVED—LEFT TO BENVENUTI'S JAW

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The Continental States of America
Growing with pride



Continental Airlines

the proud bird with the golden tail

had hardly started before he was cut inside the mouth. Later his nose began to bleed, and he was swallowing blood the rest of the night.

Although Benvenuti won five of six rounds and the referee haughtily called it a draw, Griffith rarely relinquished control. He determined the pace and the nature of the fight, and Benvenuti was compelled to fight quite differently than he had intended, than is his manner. It was as though the fighters had exchanged roles—Griffith was playing Benvenuti's part and Benvenuti Griffith's. In the first fight Benvenuti exerted his will on Griffith and dominated the fight with his left hand while Griffith, frustrated, merely resorted to trying to knock him out. This time it was Benvenuti who crudely strove to get over a big punch.

It may be difficult to comprehend why prizefights so frequently follow this course, since it would seem that each round is, in effect, a different fight, and that a fighter of Benvenuti's experience and ability should simply be able to assume command at the beginning of a given round and to maintain it. One explanation is that a prizefight is preeminently a contest of wills, and its outcome is decided when one fighter, by this means or that, manages to impose his will upon the other. Once this subjection has taken place it almost invariably prevails for the remainder of the bout, in a very real sense, one fighter is in the other's thrall. In the tug at Shea, Griffith imposed his will on Benvenuti in the first round, and despite Griffith's characteristics, lapses, particularly in several of the later rounds when, as Clancy put it, "I sure lost his meanness," Benvenuti had to lose.

Directly after the fight, Griffith was asked, "What next?" His reply: "Be champ." Benvenuti's future is, naturally, not as simple. The morning after he was visited in his New York hotel room by, of all people, Muhammad Ali.

"My boy friend," proclaimed Ali entering, "Hey, man, you look fine. Just a few scrapes. That ain't nothing. I had them myself after a fight. Just enough marks to prove you earned the money. You in good shape?"

"Then my appearance is misleading," Benvenuti said. "My spirit is tortured, and my chest is killing me—like devils with knives on the inside."

"Stay with it," Ali counseled. "Boxing needs you. You're like me—colorful *continued*

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BOXING continued

Remember, don't be discouraged. Don't
think of quitting. You're too young to
do that. Say, how old are you, Nino?"

"Twenty-nine," Benvenuti said.

"That's too early to look for your
slippers," Ali said.

"Now I feel maybe it is not," said
Benvenuti. "At this moment I feel old."

At the moment, Benvenuti looked it,
but he had not entirely lost his self-
esteem. "Yes, Grifflish won," he said.
"He was good, but he did not bear the
real me. Grifflish was a different man
this time. He was a bold, mean, deter-
mined fighter. He was a devil in the ring.
But he knew I was handicapped from
the third round on. He would have never
taken such chances otherwise."

Benvenuti was referring to the torn
ligaments in his left side. "I did it to my-
self," he said. "I twisted back to throw a
hook and I heard something go pop and
then great pain. The rotation of the chest
muscles for combinations was impossible
because the movement made the pain
come like a knife."

Of course, what this means is that we
are going to have a third fight, presum-
ably late this winter or early next spring
at the new Madison Square Garden. For-
tunately, there is no way the promotion
can be worse than it was for the second
fight, which, on account of the dismal
weather—it can happen out of doors—
was witnessed by only 21,376, or 3,000
more than could have been seated in the
old, dry Garden—and every mother's
son closer to the ring than at Shea. For
apparently no other reasons than the
preservation of the Jets' green grass and
the Garden's green money, none but the
working press sat alongside the ring. So-
called ringside (at \$30) was out in the
boonies—the lower field boxes, which
were over a city block away. From that
perspective, Benvenuti's showy punches
stood out, and many in the boxes thought
he won. And, who knows, well he might
have if, as planned, he had been again
able to hear Beethoven's Ninth, which his
host, Aldo DiBollardino, played on the
tape deck of his Continental when he
drove Benvenuti to the first fight and
which so greatly inspired him (SI, Sept.
25). Alas, one of Mr. Di's sons inad-
vertently glommed the cartridge of the
Ninth. Benvenuti asked for it en route
to Shea, but all Mr. Di had was some
Neapolitan mandolin selections, which,
as you might well imagine, is not music
to win by.

END

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New cover-ups for long-stemmed spectators



This season women's sportswear and boot designers, inspired no doubt by all the leg that American girls are showing of late, have gone to new lengths to protect, while still showing off, the celebrated American limb. Extremities that would get chafblains in stadium and arena will be covered up by long, glove-soft boots made out of two-way-stretch pseudo-leather and pliable stretch vinyl. These slip on as easily as nylon hose, in fact, many of the skintight boots are meant to be held up by garters, like stockings. Because they are warm and water-repellent as well as sleek, the boots demand snug accompaniments in clothing, and designers have created winter's warmest coats and slickers to go with them. There are new vinyl rain slickers that are either thigh-high or calf-length, with blanket-plaid wool linings. There are short woolen dresses meant to be worn with snug boots, an extra woolen underskirt and cape coats. The extremes of the look, the long and the short of bundling up for fall festivities, are shown here by a group of New Yorkers on a spree in the winter departments of New York sporting goods specialists.

VINYL THIGH-HIGH BOOTS and multi-striped wool leggings are worn with full's new, stitched-camel and striped-flame polo coats by Claudia Duxbury and Yvonne Insulander as they shop for a prefall ski house at Abercrombie & Fitch with polo-coated Ric Colby (left). Stretch pseudo-leather boots that fit like a glove are counterpoint to a leather-trimmed Cossack great coat with plaid lining worn by Marsha Metenko, shopping for Ski-Bobs at the same store.

CONTINUED





VINYL BOOTS match with slickers, long or short, yellow or black, worn by Christel Ibsen and Helene Ferguson (left) in Cosbe's Madison Square Garden hockey shop. At right, they underscore the many-plated, many-layered costume worn by Alice MacGraw at the Princeton Skate & Ski Shop.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONAS C. FRANKLIN

WHERE TO BUY

On page 56, Claudia Dushens and Yvonne Intendant wear pique coats by Donald Brooks. Claudia's is \$265 at Amelia Gray, Beverly Hills; Lord & Taylor, New York. Her tober hat is by Adolfo. The brown vinyl boots by Herbert Levine are \$65. Yvonne's coat is \$325 at Halle Bros., Cleveland; Lord & Taylor, New York, all Saks Fifth Avenue stores. The striped stockings are custom-made. Ks. Colby's double-breasted camel's-hair coat is \$195 at Dunhill Tailors, New York. On the following page, Marsha Weinstein wears a coat by Odet de la Renta. It is \$475. She also wears a furie dress with matching wool shorts that is \$215. Her black fox hat is by Adolfo. The boots by David Evans are \$75. The outfit is at Butler's, Baltimore, Sakowitz, Houston. On the color page opposite, Christel Ibsen wears a stretch-vinyl slicker with a plaid wool lining. The coat is \$110, the matching boots \$65. The wax sweater is by Adolfo. Helene Ferguson's black slicker is \$60 and the boots are \$65. Both sweaters and boots, by Herbert Levine, are at Bonwit Teller, New York. Norman Martin, all stores. At right, Alice MacGraw wears Rudi Gernreich's black-and-white wool tweed tunic and separate dirndl undershirt with matching cape coat. The tunic and the skirt are \$215, the coat \$195 at Bonwit Teller, New York. Nan Deskin, Philadelphia. The vinyl boots by Capelin are \$35.





Records for pace, purse and people fell in upstate New York as Scotland's masterful Jimmy Clark (above) sped to victory in the U.S. Grand Prix and kept a world-championship duel going for another three weeks

Wee Jimmy's big, beautiful win at the Glen

Two big things happened Sunday afternoon up in the north woods, and anyone who was within miles of the scene would have had a tough time determining which was the more important. First, an extremely gutsy little Scotsman named Jimmy Clark won the United States Grand Prix, which is a road race like nothing you have ever seen. Second, there were so many people jammed around the Watkins Glen racetrack to watch him do it that it is a statistical wonder the whole crazy state of New York didn't tip over and slide into the Atlantic Ocean.

In just about the time it took for the crowd to open 50 million beer cans, Clark drove his English Lotus-Ford home at a record average speed of 120.95 mph for 248.4 miles. At the end, the right rear suspension on his car broke—at about 165 mph—and he finished on a wing nut and a prayer.

Behind Clark, in various stages of mechanical undress, came a weary gang of international Formula One racers who had put together a nicely frantic event, which is just what all those people had expected.

For the record, Clark's teammate, Graham Hill, was second. Between them they had managed to keep Denis Hulme and Jack Brabham, the year's superstars, from dulling up the season by winning again. It was a kind of ironic service, in fact, since Hulme placed third and Brabham fifth—which means their personal battle for the world driving championship will go all the way to the year's

last event on October 22 in Mexico City.

Actually, it was a wonder in the first place that there were, assembled on the hilltop, 18 men brave enough to climb into flameproof coveralls and face the weekend's delectable terror. In practice runs their fragile, 1,200-pound cars went faster than any had ever gone at the Glen before—a scary business in which the drivers would roar hell-bent for the misty hills and then, for brief seconds, float eerily weightless like high-speed ghosts.

On Saturday afternoon, 22 hours before the race started, cool Graham Hill flashed around the 2.3-mile loop at 126.45 mph to win the pole and set the latest of the week's speed records. Not long before Clark had gone almost that fast himself—125.32 mph. He figured that was plenty.

While Hill was out howling, Clark relaxed in the pits and allowed, "We could go on all day pushing up this speed. But I am satisfied that I've gone about as fast as I care to go today, thank you."

New Zealand's Hulme, who is built along the lines of a three-bedroom cottage, grinned and said happily, "I am going so fast that I'm absolutely flying off the tops of those hills. It's weird. The car suddenly goes all weightless and waggles about a bit up there in the air, with nothing touching. In sports-car racing I don't mind it because I've got those shoulder straps holding me in. But here, no straps and all at that speed. The only thing that keeps me from floating right out of the damned cockpit is the fact

that I'm hanging on to the bloody steering wheel. And hard."


Twelve drivers hung on tightly enough to break the track's old 121.07-mph practice-run record. Hot behind Hill and Clark came American Dan Gurney, he of the aerodynamic dimples, in his Eagle, a car as loaded with space-age titanium and magnesium parts as a Gemini capsule. Then came those steely-eyed Lotus-chasers Hulme and Australia's Brabham in Brabham-Repsol, Chris Amon, who comes from New Zealand and drives a Ferrari with 12 tiny cylinders, his countryman Bruce McLaren in his own McLaren-BRM. Jackie Stewart followed in the qualifying sprints in a pure BRM, and John Surtees rounded out the top echelon of an exceptional field with his Honda, serviced by a battalion of Japanese mechanics, one crew to each sparkplug.

At stake were the richest purse in road-racing history, \$102,400, with the \$20,000 winner's share twice the take for any of the 10 other races, and all those points for the championship, which in glamour, prestige and cash benefits is worth roughly the New Zealand national budget.

Going into the race, Hulme and Brabham were far out in front of the others on points. Hulme, although three ahead of his boss, 43-40, was giganticly unexcited.

"Just suppose," said one newsmen, using Hulme as a windbreak, "just suppose that you are out there running first and Brabham is running second and the

continued



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MOTOR SPORTS

boss wants to win and he waves you to move over?"

Hulme grinned wolfishly. "Oh, I don't think he would do that," he said.

"But suppose he did, what would you do?"

"Well," Hulme sighed, "I think we'd just have to dash for it together, wouldn't we now?" So much for devious strategy.

Meanwhile, the crowd began gathering. Estimates ranged from 80,000 to a million, and it is reasonable to assume that, as you read this, there are still carloads of people trying to break the traffic jam and get out of town.


No matter. The U.S. Grand Prix has become such an important national fertility rite—the chill reverse of the springtime migration to Fort Lauderdale, Fla.—that everyone who is anyone in the hopper set has to be seen there. By the thousands they huddled in the fantastic cold, an ebbling, flowing ocean of blue lips and red noses. In years past it was *de rigueur* to burn every unguarded hay bale for miles around. But the thing this year seemed to be a talk tent operated by an earnest group of collegians stoked on Vietnam, Black Power and the old college itch to gab.

The crowd became so large—and the roads leading to the track so jammed—that in order to stage the race at all officials had to airlift the drivers by helicopter from their downtown motel.

An ocean of people parted just enough to let the cars get through from the garage to the starting grid, and the field bristled away at the win-or-bust speed that makes this the most glaucous form of automobiling. For a time Hill led Gurney and Clark, but then Dan's Eagle hoisted and near midpoint Jimmy sailed around Hill and on to victory. In danger of losing a wheel the last three laps, Clark "had a look and saw the thing wobbling. I think it would have fallen off in another five or six laps."

Clark's win made it clear that the Lotus-Fords are the Grand Prix team to beat in the future, but it was too late to snatch the year's spoils from Brabham and Hulme. And in a parting word on Monday, calculated to jazz up American racing, Jack two must win in Mexico to beat Denny for the driving championship) announced that he would build three Brabham-Repos for the 1968 Indy 500. He would not name the drivers, but Mr. Hulme certainly had an available look about him.

END



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A boom and a blunder on Lake Michigan

A new fish has come out of the west to stimulate sportsmen on the lake coast of Michigan. Anglers have swarmed out to try their luck, and many have come home happy. Some, alas, have not come home at all

On a recent weekend 9,000 fishermen disregarded small-craft warnings, threw caution to the near-gale-force winds sweeping treacherous Lake Michigan and put their small boats into the storm. It was a bad, sad day—150 boats were swamped and seven anglers were drowned. What prompted this mass impudence, which in retrospect seems almost like hysteria? The answer, of course, is fish—and not just any fish. It has been a long time like never since coho salmon have been available in Lake Michigan, and quiet towns like Manistee, Honor and Frankfort have virtually been upended by their sudden presence.

The cohos were planted as four-inch fingerlings in rivers feeding into Lake Michigan just 1½ years ago and have this year returned as fighting fish weighing an average 14 pounds. When word of the coho run got out, shortly after Labor Day, most tackle shops were soon sold out, and stores that still had stock on hand were selling lures for as much as \$10 apiece. Quickly ragged charter boats were renting for \$100 a day (four men for eight hours or until each had caught two fish). On weekends, hotels and motels were jammed with anglers, some of whom had come hundreds of miles. The coho thus was fulfilling the expectations of those wildlife management people who believed the fish was what Michigan needed to regain the popularity it once held among sport fishermen.

Fishing in the Great Lakes began a slow decline around the turn of the century. The lake trout, recorded as reaching weights up to 60 pounds in Lake Superior and running slightly lighter in the other major waters, was the principal fish sought by big-tackle anglers. There were, of course, perch, smallmouth bass, pike and muskies, but the great gray trout was the favorite. After World War II, the decline of the lake trout catch was precipitous. The commercial catch in 1946 was

5,500,000 pounds, but by 1953 the catch of lake trout was down to 402 pounds.

The well-known sea lamprey was largely the cause of the depletion of the slow-maturing lake trout, though practically unrestricted commercial fishing certainly had something to do with it. The sea lamprey, a parasite that drifted in through the St. Lawrence Seaway, flourished in fresh water and found a convenient host in the lake trout. The U.S. Government worked with Canada in trying to find a method of coping with the lamprey, but the blood sucker was a tough adversary. After some 4,000 persons (and many other more costly methods) had been tried, a breakthrough came in 1959 in the form of TFM, a complex chemical that proved to be an effective and selective lampreyicide. Then another finny carpetbagger found its way up the Seaway. This was the scaly, razor-bellied alewife, a member of the herring family. This fish liked fresh-water living particularly when it found there were practically no predatory fish left in the Great Lakes. The alewives multiplied and multiplied. It was estimated in 1962 that alewives comprised about 17% of the fish volume, by weight, in Lake Michigan. In 1966 this volume soared to 90%. The worthless fish were everywhere, and they crowded indigenous species right out of existence.

A handful of commercial boats were converted to enable them to take the alewives, and they had no trouble doing it. Catches of four to seven tons could be made in minutes, but the alewives had little food value and market price ranged from one-half to three-fourths of a cent per pound. A couple of plants were set up to convert the fish into fertilizer, and some fish found their way into cat-food cans. It was hardly the start of a thriving industry.

The Michigan conservation department, pleased by the decline of the sea

lamprey but disturbed by the bloom of alewives, began a search for a predator fish that might also make a good sport fish. They started planting lake trout in Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, but the gray is slow growing and would have taken years to repopulate the lakes. They tried crossing brook, or speckled, trout with lake trout, but the resultant hybrid also proved to be a slow-growing fish. A program of planting rainbow trout in the lower reaches of some of the lakes' tributaries was started, the goal being to produce lake-run rainbows, a variation of the steelhead trout.

By Al Seaman



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FISHING *continued*

A few of the fish biologists in the department advocated brown trout, heavy feeders known to have reached weights of up to 40 pounds. Some others wanted striped bass, which had been successful in making the transfer from the ocean to the fresh waters of the TVA impoundments. It was finally decided that the best bet would be an anadromous fish, a variety that could be planted in the rivers and that would then run to the waiting fresh-water "sea," where, on the abundant food supply, it could eagerly eat and grow before returning to the rivers to spawn. These fish would not compete with the native trout for food and space in the rivers and would not be caught in the egg stage in the lakes to be gulped down by the billions of alewives. The coho, or silver salmon, was selected.

The state arranged for a four-year supply of salmon eggs, the first shipment of one million arriving from Oregon in the fall of 1965. These eggs became 800,000 fingerlings by the spring of 1966. Then gently and with great ceremony, the silvery four-inch fingerlings were planted in four rivers.

In May 1966 the conservation department issued a news release that, in retrospect, was the epitome of humorous understatement. It said that since the newly planted coho salmon were not covered by Michigan regulations, sportsmanlike anglers should return to the waters any fish under seven inches, the existing minimum legal size for trout. On August 9, a commercial fisherman near Charleson netted the first coho to be taken since the May plantings. It was a historic occasion—and an astonishing one. The four- to five-inch fingerling had grown, in approximately 90 days, into a 15-inch fish that weighed one pound, four ounces!

The biologists had expected to see some cohos return to their home streams in the fall of 1967. The fish normally mature in their second or third year, then go back to their hatching places to spawn and die. It was predicted that the first fish to put in an appearance would be the more rapidly maturing males, or jack salmon, and that in the following year, 1968, both males and females would make a spawning run. The predictions were conservative.

The first jack salmon was caught on September 5, 1966, while going through the motion of spawning less than five months after its baptism as a fingerling

continued

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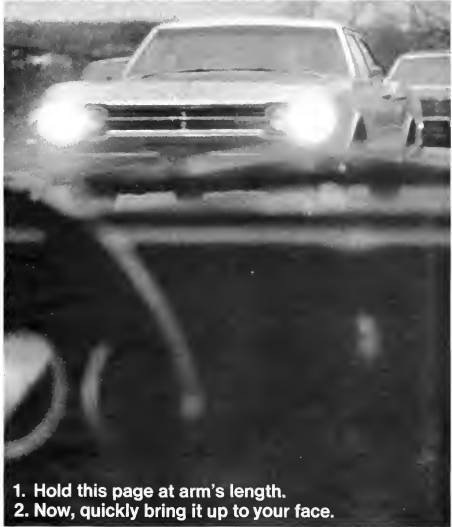
FISHING • 1993/1994

This was the first sport-caught coho taken since the program had begun, and it was caught in Bear Creek, about 90 river miles from Lake Michigan. It weighed 2½ pounds. Five days later half a dozen female salmon were taken from a weir on the Platte River, and within another four days 500 more were taken at the weir. The crowning touch for the first year of the program came on October 3 when a seven-pound salmon was caught in the Manistee River. Cohos began appearing in places like the Saint Clair and the Clinton rivers, hundreds of miles from planting points. Commercial fishermen in Indiana, not regulated by Michigan's laws, took an average of 500 pounds of cohos per boat per day last spring until Indiana agreed, at Michigan's request, to stop netting the new species.

Cohos were seen far up the rivers during the summer, feeding on minnows, dace and suckers. Skin divers who got into the schools of alewives told of slashing, voracious fish three feet long cramming themselves with the alewives. Remnants of the kill, washing onto the beaches in enormous quantities, began plaguing owners of shoreline property.

Now the cohos are running, and now the conservation department experts held in disdain for years because of the decline in Great Lakes' fishing, are heroes. The cohos being taken by fishermen are averaging about 14 pounds, compared to the West Coast average of nine pounds. The record for the coast is 31 pounds, and it has been rumored (but not confirmed) that a 26-pounder was taken from the Manistee River a few weeks ago. Everyone concerned with the program, and this certainly includes fishermen, boat-rental operators and tackle salesmen, is ecstatic. The jubilation should increase in years to come. Lurking now in the waters of Lake Michigan is another variety of anadromous fish, another imported salmon. Last spring Michigan planted 800,000 chinook fingerlings, carefully reared in a program that will be producing 30 million fingerlings a year by 1973. The newest addition, as yet not seen since they were planted, is known on the West Coast as the king. Chinooks have been known to reach 125 pounds in the ocean, and if the coho is any indication of how the chinooks will fare in the Great Lakes, then fishermen have some interesting years ahead.

END



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The Riddle of the Jolly Do-gooders

Called buffoons, windbags and political hacks, the men of the World Boxing Association have achieved a measure of control in the sport—but in the end the payoff decides

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON

By God, I tell you we have found our place in the sun!

M. R. (BOB) EVANS, PRESIDENT,
WORLD BOXING ASSOCIATION

Of course, its very name—World Boxing Association (on the stationery there is not even a *The* to emphasize its singularity)—implies that it occupies a fairly key spot in the solar system. Its motto—Uniformity, Cooperation, Control—seems to connote just the right amount of *noblesse oblige* required to bring sweet reason to a sport too often racked by chaos and ruled by avarice. And for the next few months, as American Broadcasting Company television announcers thrill millions by introducing another *World Boxing Association Heavyweight Championship Fight*, it may well come to sound as if the WBA is a kind of corporate Kenesaw Mountain Landis, wisely distributing world titles in return for full portions of love, honor and obedience from every ring this side of Saturn.

That, precisely, is what the WBA would dearly love *continued*



DRAWINGS BY MICHAEL BARUS



to be. Its announced constitutional purpose is to assure "greater efficiency . . . in the supervision of professional boxing" and, like Cuesar's Gaul, the WBA's *terra maver* has been officially divided into parts—four in this case, North America, Latin America, Europe-Africa and the Orient—for handier administration.

The sad truth is that the WBA does not meet its own dream. Although it may have chosen to recognize the planet, the reverse is not necessarily so. There are many, many hours a day when the sun is not shining on WBA territory. As for its corporate image, it was not Judge Landis who came immediately to mind when a gymnasium full of WBA delegates assembled in late August in Reno for their annual convention (about the only guaranteed uniform act of cooperation and control of WBA men is that they *always* have a convention). The image was more a combination of Happy Chandler and Tony Galento.

Nevertheless, the World Boxing Association is in a new position of prominence these days. As one delegate put it in Reno, "Jeez, we're getting more press than *Lar and Dick*." Not really. But the

ABC-televized heavyweight elimination tournament, which has pumped some wholesome new excitement into boxing, has been sanctioned, blessed and baptized by the WBA; the group *does* get its name in the paper a lot because of it.

For the champion who survives the eliminations, the WBA's blessing will be negotiable in much more than newspaper clippings. Thanks to TV, he will be generally accepted by a reasonable majority of boxing fans as *the* Champ. his paydays will increase accordingly. For all that, he can look to the WBA for giving him his big chance. All of the eight contestants who started the tournament were selected on the basis of the WBA's decision to rank them among the best heavyweights in the world. More important, there would have been no tournament, no new champion, no big paydays, no new kicks for the boxing crowd if the WBA had not summarily dethroned Muhammad Ali (the WBA still refers to him as Cassius Clay) for refusing to join the U.S. Army. There is a certain irony inherent in such a star-spangled display of ultra-American patriotism by a group that likes to boast of its multinational membership, but then, as one WBA man carefully explained, "Guilty is guilty, I think, even overseas."

Since everyone is hearing its name a lot more these days, now is a good time to examine the anatomy and machinations of the World Boxing Association. It is 48 years old this year, although it was not until five years ago that the WBA widened its horizons from being just plain National Boxing Association. The idea for the original NBA was pretty much hatched by an English go-getter named William A. Gavin. He wanted to build an "international sporting club" in New York, and he thought something like a coast-to-coast boxing authority might add some class to his promotions. For his club building Gavin bought some land in Manhattan, dug an excavation and waited for money to pour in so he could build. The club never got beyond that hole in the ground, but the NBA, which originally had the athletic commissions of 13 states in its membership, climbed out of Gavin's basement, incor-

porated and set about trying, with what often seemed chilling ineptness, to set straight the ways of boxing men.

Over the years the association did produce a sound safety code. It campaigned for the eight-ounce glove and the mandatory eight-count after a knockdown. It also made medical examinations more stringent and fostered some rigid regulations about boxing contracts. Its rules were widely ignored, but they are still considered reasonable. For example, the organization insisted that a champion fight at least every six months and that within one year of winning his title he meet the No. 1 contender in his division—as selected by the NBA/WBA's ratings committee. The group also tried to outlaw contract clauses that demanded a return bout between a defeated champion and his successor. The point of both rules is to keep a title active and to give rising contenders a fair chance at the championship.

Praiserootly as such ideas may be, the association just never did impress many people beyond its own membership. For decades sportswriters have cruelly but consistently referred to the general run of WBA men as "buffoons" or "wand-bags" and have implied that their heads are shaped like upturned ice-cream cones. Though colorful, such descriptions do not do full justice to the WBA.

It is made up of men who sit on the athletic commissions of various sovereign governments—nations, states, territories, provinces and cities. The WBA is a voluntary association, but there always seems to be a shortage of volunteers. Right now, there are only 31 states on the list. And they include places such as Montana, North Dakota and New Mexico, where boxing runs second to the barbershop for attracting crowds. Then, too, there are Alabama, North Carolina and Tennessee, where the best bouts in recent memory have been between policemen and civil rights demonstrators. Notably missing from WBA rolls are the relatively busy boxing centers, California, Texas, Massachusetts and New York.

There are 18 countries besides the U.S. in the world of the WBA. Among the foreign authorities are the Philippine Is-



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HAI KARATE—be careful how you use it.

lands' Games and Amusements Board, the Thailand Boxing Commission, Germany's Bund Deutscher Berufsböxer, the Japan Boxing Commission and a number of Latin American commissions. England is not a member, nor are Italy or France (although it was happily reported during the Reno convention that Guam had signed up).

To define the WBA properly, it is necessary to define athletic commissions and their commissioners. In general, such commissions have the power—as granted by a legislative or executive act—to approve or prohibit public sporting events through their authority to grant licenses to promoters, managers or professional athletes. The commissions also see to it that a nice healthy tax bite is taken from every promotion. That includes some boxing, of course, but not much. Nearly all U.S. members of the World Boxing Association find that their biggest draw on both crowds and cash comes from professional wrestling, a "sport" they view with wide tolerance and warm affection.

As a rule, commissioners get their jobs through old-fashioned political appointments. Some are paid several thousand dollars a year, some don't even get their expenses paid to the WBA convention. Athletic commissioners are an unusual, possibly even unique, breed of public official since they tend to combine the punch-loving tenacity of a ratings hanger-on with the pragmatic opportunism of a ward-healing politician. Of course, not all commissioners fall so easily into such a stereotype.

The chairman of Pennsylvania's commission is an urbane Philadelphia Main Liner named Franklin B. Wildman Jr. He was appointed in 1961 by Republican Governor William Scranton, although Wildman affably admits "The only boxing I ever saw was on television." And there is Edgar L. Lane, a Church Hill, Md. funeral director. He was made a Maryland commissioner by former Democratic Governor J. Millard Tawes, and when someone asks Lane what he is doing on a boxing board, he says candidly: "I have known Tawes for 25 years. I have done a lot of favors for him."

There are some old fighters in the

WBA, too. Michigan's Chuck Dacey, 41, a welterweight contender now turned insurance man, was chosen by Republican Governor George Romney a few years ago to replace a commissioner who resigned after he was caught using commission personnel to hang Goldwater posters. Nevada's Jackie Fields, now 59 and a hotel executive, was a former welterweight champion, and Wisconsin's Joey Sangor, 64 and a druggist, was a nearly great featherweight in the '20s.

But the WBA is diverse and within its bailiwick there are commissioners who are former football stars, newspapermen, liquor store owners, delicatessen proprietors, lawyers, real estate men, physicians, grocers—even a retired sign painter, a magician, the executive director of a synagogue and a lieutenant general in the Thailand police. It is a little like the Rotary Club with scar tissue.

The WBA president is a bouncy, Boos-Don't-Knock banker from Louisville named M. R. Evans ("Just ask anyone in Kentucky for Bob Evans and they'll know you mean me"). During the Reno convention, he was re-elected to a second one-year term, defeating a slate of officers presented by Latin American delegates. Short, paunchy and given to wearing bow ties and spouting cuss-words, Bob Evans, 67, is right proud of being a "joiner," and he likes to say, "God, buddy, you name the club and, by God, I belong to it." He has chaired the Kentucky Boxing Commission for eight years and is also National Commanding General of the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels, as well as Democratic campaign treasurer for his state.

After he won the WBA presidency again in August, Evans stood at the headtable microphone and beamed at the hundred or so delegates sitting in the Garden Room of the not-quite-seedy Riverside Hotel. He removed his cigar and said with quite a bit of emotion: "I hope and I pray that, with God's help and yours, I can do the same good job I did last year. I think we have now put this outfit on a businesslike basis."

As a business, the World Boxing Association hardly ranks with U.S. Steel. Or even with one U.S. Steel worker. All last

year, the total intake from dues (between \$20 and \$150 a year) was \$4,647.50, just slightly less than the average weekly turnover in a normally busy Reno slot machine. When Evans came into office the treasury held \$757.44, after a businesslike year the balance was up to a healthy \$3,394.97.

The WBA has no national headquarters and not one paid employee, and its records are more or less filed in the vest pockets of a few officers. Its annual expenses go mostly for phone calls, various printings (a bulletin comes out sporadically, and the ratings come out monthly) and postage. Evans protests, "It costs a huck-sixty every time I write a letter to the Orient out there." The WBA constitution says that the organization "shall provide championship belts or other suitable emblems" to its various titleholders, but it does not "Hell," says Evans, "all we can afford is a certificate." The WBA spent \$25 on those last year.

Through the years there has been a good deal of trouble over WBA casuistry in attempting to inject its version of morality into the ring. For example, the tentacles of Carbo, Palermo, Norris & Co. were wrapped tightly around boxing for years without so much as an official mimeographed whimper from the association, yet the WBA kept itself busy by issuing dozens of furious denunciations and widely ignored suspensions of such champions as Archie Moore and Sugar Ray Robinson because they failed to defend their titles within six months. At times there are good and charitable motives behind a WBA notice of suspension (which is sent to all member commissions but cannot be enforced). One such was the decision in Reno to tell members that Heavyweight Wills Benoitoff, the German punching bag, should no longer be allowed to fight in the interests of keeping him alive.

But too often the group gets all tangled up in its own esoteric legalisms. Nowhere has this been more evident than in its attempts to make its prohibition of return-bout clauses work. Take the Clay-Liston affair. There had been some dubious contractual shenanigans between

continued

the two before their title fight in Miami. The WBA retaliated by declaring Clay *persona non grata* in all its environs. After a lot of bombast and a boring fight or two, the association awarded its world heavyweight champion's certificate to Ernie Terrell. In the meantime, of course, Clay (that was still his name) continued to be a spectacular attraction—and a powerful temptation to people who like to hear the jingle of money in the box office.

Now, regardless of how high-toned boxing commissioners may sound when they are pontificating in public about the need for "uniformity, cooperation and control," one should never forget an intrinsic fact about them: when all is said and done, nearly all decisions about whether or not to allow a local bout are governed more by chamber of commerce boosterism than by Marquess of Queensberry morality.

A good fight draws a good dollar for the local hotel, restaurant and amusement industry. No matter what the propriety of WBA rulings may be, they will almost certainly be overruled or ignored by any local commission that smells a quick buck for the boys in the Retail Merchants Association.

Sound and realistic boxing men in the WBA have never deluded themselves about the root of the association's ineptness. Abe J. Greene, 66, associate editor of *The Post-Tribune* (N.J.) *News*, has been in the WBA for 29 frustrating years—seven as president and now as something called "World Commissioner." Says Greene, "Boxing is subject to the will, whim and fancy of local conditions. The mighty dollar is a built-in condition everywhere, and any commissioner anywhere is going to be reluctant to pass up a lucrative bout—no matter what the WBA says about it."

Of course, in 1964-65, Cassius Clay was the very living, breathing, poetry-spouting personification of lucrative bouts and, sure enough, a whole string of WBA states in good standing bolted the association to sign up Clay to fight. Massachusetts scheduled a match between Clay and Liston but after some nasty legal problems the bout was moved

to Maine. A bit later, the commissioners of Texas thought they glimpsed a fat civic payday in an Ali-Cleveland Williams fight. Texas had been in the WBA for years, but with the prospect of a rich gate, the commissioners suddenly produced a convenient attorney general's ruling saying they should never have joined the WBA in the first place, because the organization is incorporated in Rhode Island and "Texas cannot subject itself to the laws of another state."

Obviously, the WBA has all the teeth of a Rock Cornish hen when it comes to enforcing its own rules. Money one-ups it every time, although its officers continue to spout golden platitudes. This irks a lot of responsible boxing men. California, a long-time member of the old NBA, quit in 1960 because the association did nothing about so-called "undesirable characters" in boxing. The state returned with high hopes after the "new" WBA was formed in 1962, then quit again in exasperation in 1965. Says knowledgeable Jack Ureh, an attorney in Sacramento who served 17 years as the California commission's executive officer: "There was an overall period of disgust during our short membership in the WBA. We found its purposes fitting and the words of its officers high-sounding, but we quit when they failed to uphold our suspensions. We tried disciplinary measures for the failure of managers and boxers to live up to the WBA code, then they'd go to some other states that would say, 'To hell with California,' and our decisions wouldn't stand up. We still favor a strong national body, but what good is a world association if the states in the U.S. won't cooperate?"

As chaotic as its inconsistencies may be, even more confusing is the fact that among the WBA's top men there is often a surfeit of uncertainty about what the group has actually decided. Before this year's Reno convention, there was lots of talk about Sonny Liston's status. Could he or could he not fight in WBA states? It seemed that he could not, because at the 1964 convention in Norfolk, Va., the delegates had pretty much agreed (as those present seemed dimly to recall) not to sanction Liston's bouts.

It seemed that Sonny would have to make an appeal for "reinstatement" to the convention in Reno before he could fight again in WBA territory.

Former WBA President James Deskan, who is executive secretary of the Nevada commission and was chairman of the convention preparations, thought this was so and told reporters that Liston would get a "hearing" before the WBA executive committee. (Of course, Nevada had already licensed Liston last fall.) Greene was under that impression, too. "I think boxing has to have at least a facade of morality," said the venerable Mr. Greene, who likes to talk in the flowery phrases of an eyeshade-era editorial writer. "I am firmly opposed to letting Liston box any longer. I will not cast my ballot for reinstatement in Reno." And Liston himself said, "I will take in that meeting and see what the WBA says."

Liston did turn up at the Riverside Hotel. He walked in on a floor session looking trim and enormous in a tailored blue suit. Bob Evans, fresh and brisk after his re-election, hustled over to whisper with Liston; then Sonny strode out again and Evans hurried back to the microphone to clear things up. "There has never been," he intoned solemnly, "any bona fide record in the World Boxing Association records that deals an official suspension of Sonny Liston. The officers of the WBA have no right themselves to suspend a fighter unless it gets notification of his suspension by some member state of the WBA. I don't care what we voted for or against in Norfolk, we have never got no notice of a recorded suspension for Sonny. So he can be a contender again for the heavyweight championship if he gets a license in any WBA state."

Delegates sprang up all over the floor. Evans blinked, not knowing what to expect, but, remarkably enough, there was not one question about Liston's return to boxing. Indeed, Michigan's Davey, who has been to college, warned his colleagues: "Any state that suspends Liston or wants the WBA to suspend him should be certain that the transgression it bases its suspension on has occurred within that state's own domain and not somewhere else."

continued

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...a full crop 33 turns
...the wheel also
...and the two
...it was full

[illegible]

Etc., etc., etc.

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Liston seemed baffled. "I ain't suspended," he mumbled later. "I don't know why I come down here at all." He caught the noon plane back to Las Vegas.

Later that day, Evans appeared at a Q. and A. session at a Reno press club lunch. On the table before him was a small bust of Mark Twain, a black cowboy hat was perched on the sculpture. Under the rather casual traditions of the club, a guest's remarks are considered off the record if the hat is left on Twain's head, on the record if the bust is uncovered. Evans misunderstood and kept putting the cowboy hat on his own head

the fame, fortune and box-office magnetism of fighters through its monthly rating of the top 10 contenders in each of the 11 weight divisions. The WBA's list and that of Nat Fleischer's *The Ring* magazine are the two major sources of boxers' ratings. There is a certain arbitrariness to both of them and a rather bitter rivalry between Fleischer and the WBA. Neither believes the other's ratings. "He just does his to sell magazines," says Evans. "But ours, ol' buddy, are a labor of love. A real labor of love."

The chairman of the WBA's ratings committee (a dozen men scattered around the world) is an Ohion named Arch Hindman. He is a soft-spoken, gentle man who gives an impression of utter incorruptibility. In real life, Hindman, 56, is an advertising executive for an automotive parts manufacturer in Toledo, but his leisure hours are spent making fateful verdicts. Is Katsuyoshi Takayama of Japan really a better flyweight than Thailand's Puntip Keesonay? Should Sandro Lopopolo be a fifth-ranked junior welterweight while Lennox Beekles of Ghana remains at sixth? Says Hindman "It's a hobby with me. It's the only hobby I have."

Like the WBA itself, its ratings system is less than a magnificent machine. "The toughest thing is getting the results," says Hindman. "It just drives you berserk when you're all set to give out the ratings, and you can't get something about a fight between rated contenders." Generally, Hindman must depend on the mailman and daily delivery of the Toledo papers for selecting and categorizing the 121 best fighters in the world. "I get five, six letters a day from all over telling me who won what fights," says Hindman. "The local papers all use the fight results from AP now, too. I called them so often that they had to print them. I had a terrible time keeping up with things when the paper went on strike a while ago. I had to call *The Chicago Tribune* all the time."

Hindman juggles his lists, sends out revised rankings to committee members and, when they have approved, he fires out a couple of dozen copies to a breathless waiting world. Hindman swears that

he has never been offered a bribe to move a fighter up, but he does admit, "I get pressure sometimes from commissioners who want guys from their states to look better. The ratings aren't perfect, but I try to stick to logic."

Logic does not always prevail. For example, during the Reno convention, Hindman caught some heat from the Filipino delegation because he had dropped Junior Lightweight Flash Elorde from the ratings. "He hadn't been fighting much, and he probably should retire, anyway," mused Hindman, "but they got a big charity show coming up in Manila and it would help the gate if he was ranked. I was against it, but his father-in-law said Elorde would quit if he got beat, so he's in there again."

The heavyweight ratings went through an oddly magic shuffle in Reno, too. As everyone knew very well, the WBA's elimination tournament had been boycotted by Joe Frazier, the graceful Philadelphia man who has been incorporated and split up in blue-chip shares for investors. When the tournament was announced early this summer, Frazier's backers decided he should forgo the competition—even though he was rated the No. 2 contender by the WBA. Frazier beat up poor George Chuvalo in a bloody Madison Square Garden rout in mid-July (Chuvalo was then rated No. 10). The WBA's tournament went on without Frazier, and on August 5 Jimmy Ellis and Thad Spencer won the first quarterfinal fights in the eliminations.

Naturally, everyone at the convention was interested when Hindman handed out the fresh rating for mid-August. But when the delegates got a look at what the Hindman committee had wrought, hands flew up all over the floor. Evans called on a highly exercised delegate from Rhode Island, Anthony Maseroni, who is a former WBA president, too. "I see here that Joe Frazier is still No. 2 in our own ratings," blustered Maseroni. "Hey, that's not right! He should be dropped out. It's very embarrassing for us to have him rated that high."

Soothingly, Evans said, "That's been given a lot of consideration. We're going to have a meeting of the ratings committee



It may not be much, but the WBA's finger gunnery plays up the floods of chaos

when he wanted his remarks to be privileged. Once or twice he even doctored the hat, which was ludicrously small for him, and snapped, "No comment." When he was asked if he thought Liston should now have a shot at the WBA's heavyweight championship, Evans remained bareheaded and replied, "Sure, he's a contender, but he will not become a rated fighter in our rankings until he has proved himself by fighting. He has to fight his way to the top of our ratings again."

However inept the WBA may be in governing boxing or boxers in general, it does have a fair amount of influence over

continued



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tee up in my room after this session. I think it's safe to predict that some action will be taken right up there in Room 630 this very day."

The prediction was safe, all right. Right up there in Room 630 that very day, without so much as one copy of the *Torero Blade* to read or even a stamped envelope from Bangkok, Joe Frazier was dumped from No. 2 to No. 8. The vote was 9 to 1, with the only nay coming from a Pennsylvania commissioner who was predictably loyal to Frazier's Philadelphia ties. After the ratings change, Evans said privately, "Listen, Frazier come awful close to not being in the ratings at all, ol' buddy. The committee caught lotta hell by puttin' him No. 2." When it was pointed out that there might be a bit of hypocrisy involved in dropping Frazier just because he chose to ignore the WBA's competition, Evans chuckled, "Those ratings are ours to give, by God. We'll give 'em to whoever we want."

Genial Arch Hindman was philosophical about things. "Oh, I guess there was no really logical reason to drop Frazier now," he said. "He probably should have been Fighter of the Month for what he did to Chualo. But everyone thought he ought to be lower, so we all went along to keep peace."

Obviously, it was the WBA's overweening pride in its tournament that motivated Joe Frazier's arbitrary demotion. Yet there is a horrendous irony in the WBA's chest-thumping claims of new power and new positions in the sun because of its tournament.

The fact is, this most dazzling of WBA-related promotions is in itself as symptomatic of the organization's weaknesses as any of the ill-reasoned inconsistencies the group has perpetrated over the last 48 years. In the seven fights scheduled, from quarterfinals through the championship, no fewer than five are slated for cities that have no connection with the World Boxing Association. Two quarterfinals were held in Houston in August, and the Patterson-Quarry fight will be in Los Angeles. Only the Milkenberger-Bonavenna match was in a WBA affiliate city—Frankfurt, Germany. Of the two semifinal fights, one is scheduled to be in

California and the other—well, there were bids from WBA badlands such as Louisville, New Orleans and Miami, although no decision had been made as of two weeks ago. The finals will be back in non-WBA Houston.

Mike Malitz, 33, the rotund Princetonian whose firm, Sports Action, Inc., has been a kind of packager-promoter for the whole tournament, is sanguine about the WBA's nonparticipation. "They understand the economics," says Malitz. "They know we have to place the fights where it makes some sense for both television and for drawing money."

In a way even the WBA's sanction of the tournament is almost beside the point. It really amounts to nothing more than a label, vague enough yet pretentious-sounding enough to give the Malitz-ABC-produced fights an aura of sweeping respectability. As one executive close to it all said: "Look, no one will watch TV fights that are held just for fun. This thing needed some kind of official-sounding approval or the guy who won wouldn't be any more than the heavyweight champion of the American Broadcasting Company. Can you see the papers giving a good damn about that? The point was to keep ABC behind the scenes; let the network put up the big cash, but stamp the whole thing with a seal of approval that sounds good."

Or as Malitz coolly pointed out: "These things have to be sanctioned by someone, and the WBA has the widest geographical coverage in boxing."

There has long been a feeling among foreign delegates—notably the Latins—that the WBA is manipulated by a small knot of U.S. members who cater to foreigners in public but who in reality are secret xenophobes. In Reno, the state of officers dominated by Latin Americans was crushed by a U.S. landslide. Each state has one vote and so does each country. The states swept Bob Evans back into office along with an all-American slate of four vice-presidents.

The Latin Americans turned sulky in defeat. When Evans and Greene pleaded with them to save face and to select someone—anyone—for appointment to

continued

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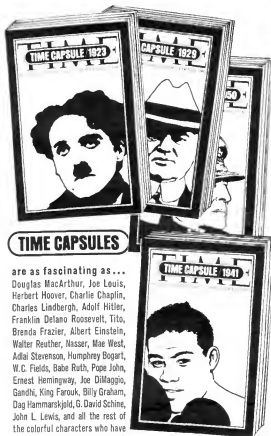
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a "regional vice-presidency," they refused. In an impassioned floor speech, Fernando Marduy of Venezuela cried out in an accent so thick that most U.S. delegates were not sure what he said. "Boxing is not the property of the U.S. A. Boxing is universal and its authorities must be an image of that conception." He accused Evans and his compatriots of trying to "control boxing for the United States" and declared that "other countries don't get equal rights." And Mexico's Ramon Velasquez chimed in, "The U.S. has lots of commissions, but not very lots of boxing."

True enough. Nearly every country in the WBA's little world has dozens of boxing matches every week—more than the U.S. may have in three months. Beyond that, of the 110 WBA rated contenders in September, no fewer than 75 were from outside the U.S. And of the 11 current world champions acknowledged by the WBA, only two: Welterweight Curtis Cokes of Texas and Junior Welterweight Paul Fujii of Honolulu—are natives of the U.S. As Hindman mused during the Latin American outbursts, "You really can't blame these fellows for being upset. If it weren't for them, there wouldn't be any boxing worth mentioning."

But Bob Evans felt the Latins were being poor sports. "Of' huddy," he said, "if there's one thing you can say about what's happened, it's that I've tried to be fair. You just know we leaned over every whichway to give them a vice-presidency, and they wouldn't take it, would they?"

Perhaps. But the Latin American delegates still went home from Reno muttering Spanish threats of withdrawal. And ringing in their ears was an echo of the last acrimonious moments of the convention when Evans hit the ceiling about something that had obviously irked him for a long time. "I have told you and told you," he shouted angrily at the delegates. "I say now and I say it for absolutely the last time. *I will not accept any more communications from anyone that are not written in ENGLISH!*" I got to spend \$10, \$11 every time to get them translated at the University, and I will not live it! We're tryin' to operate on a

businesslike basis here, and I will not accept any other language of communication from you except in English."

There were no *ols* to that, and for a moment it seemed the Latins would leave right then—forever. But the WBA's executive secretary, Jay Edson of Phoenix, saved the day—and perhaps part of the world—for the WBA by offering to have Spanish missives translated by his bilingual neighbors in Arizona. "It won't cost any \$10 either," he said. The convention adjourned amid heavy applause.

But even that tiny blow for harmony wound up in discord later when Edson went on a Reno television station to plead for a truce between U.S. and Latin American delegates. That did it. Evans now became convinced that Edson was a turncoat, that he was *pro-Latin*. Of course, in the lexicon of Bob Evans' WBA, that translates to mean anti-American—or, more specifically, anti-one-specific American-named-Evans. After the banquet following the last convention session, Evans approached Edson in the Riverside Hotel lobby and said, "I want you to resign because of ill health, Jay." Edson replied, "I'm not sick, Bob." Evans said, "I have to have men who will work with me and apparently you won't, Jay." Said Edson, "Well, I'm not sick, and I won't resign. You'll have to fire me." In mid-September Evans got up the postage to send an airmail letter from Louisville to Phoenix and told Edson that he was fired. He ordered Edson to forward all his records and future correspondence to Hindman in Toledo, where almost no one speaks Spanish.

Petty and chaotic as the WBA may seem in some of its truly unmissable moments, the organization has somehow lasted through nearly half a century of frustration and turmoil. There has to be a reason. It is not necessarily, as Evans puts it, "What's good for boxing is good for the WBA."

The WBA is too flaccid, too vacillating to rate such aggrandizement. Yet despite its pomposity and its thrashing ineptitude, the association has been about the only consistent force for order in all of boxing over the years. Unless Con-

gress decides to create a Federal boxing commission (which it has absolutely no interest in doing), the WBA will remain, as Abe Greene puts it, "the only game in town—a pretty bad game, but the only one."

There is some truth to Greene's rationale—and rationalization—for the WBA's existence. "Since there isn't any fixed, incontrovertible, indisputable, legally constituted director to rule on the ways and means of boxing as a sport, the presence of the NBA and the WBA has been important," says Greene. "Feeble as our attempts may have been, we have at least kept enough order in the sport to prevent it from becoming a jungle. We have insisted on a broad measure of control over the validity of contracts and the performance of fighters over the years. And if we haven't made our ideas work every time, at least we have made people conscious of the need for controls and uniformity in boxing. I know as well as you do that the heavyweight tournament is run by television and not by the World Boxing Association. But for the first time TV is working for the good of boxing and boxers, instead of against it—as it did in the '50s when it was a monster consuming its own infants by overexposing every young fighter who came along.

"The WBA can't enforce its own rules among its own members. I know that. But we are all boxing has had to keep it from total chaos. You've got to give us that."

Maybe so. But whatever its heady claims to a new place in the sun, the WBA will almost certainly remain for all time in the deep shadows of its own intrinsic selfishness. As a rule, its individual commissioner-members are no better than the total profits available from any given promotion—whether it is WBA sanctioned or not. Thus, despite its righteous demands for planet-wide morality in boxing, the World Boxing Association too often winds up being no better than the meanest actions of its weakest member. As Bob Evans says with a chuckle, "Listen, ol' buddy, we just delight in hurting each other sometimes." And, he might have added, boxing sometimes, too.

END

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

It took 174 days to set the stage for the final scene of the most pulsating of all American League pennant races (page 32). The tension-laden, four-team race was decided almost as much by who lost (least as by who won the most. MINNESOTA (5-4) lost twice to the Angels and then, on the final weekend, twice to the Red Sox. Mickey Lolich of DETROIT (3-3) pitched a pair of shutouts, but the Tigers themselves were blanked by Al Downing of the Yankees and, worse yet, they blew a 6-2 lead in the eighth when the Angels scored six times. A three-run homer by Carl Yastrzemski of BOSTON (2-2) enabled Jose Santiago to defeat the Twins 6-4, and a four-for-four day by Triple Crown winner Cal on Sunday helped Jim Lonborg win his 22nd game. But earlier the Red Sox lost vital games, too. In Boston Stan Williams of CLEVELAND (2-2) came on in relief to squelch the Sox and preserve a 6-0 win for Sonny Seibert. A day earlier Luis Tiant had stopped Boston 6-3. Eddie Stanky of CHICAGO (0-5) got a new four-year contract, but two of his midseason remarks came back to haunt him. Back in June after Chuck Dobson of KANSAS CITY (2-4) failed to cover first base on a play, Stanky labeled him as "a donkey." At the All-Star Game he told Jim Hunter of the A's that he was on his side for the first and last time. Last week Dobson and Hunter beat the White Sox in a faustful doubleheader 5-2 and 4-0. Phil Ortega and Frank Bertina of WASHINGTON (4-1) then added two more shutouts to Chicago's disastrous week. Those wins helped the Senators to tie for sixth place, their highest finish since they came into being before the 1961 season. Bill Rigney of CALIFORNIA (4-3), noting the way the contending clubs had stumbled, said, "I'm

aiming to win it next year. I've seen what the contenders look like this year." Last season's winner, Hank Bauer of BALTIMORE (3-1), had three of his coaches fired from under him and said, "Next year I'll be rougher. Maybe a few players took too much for granted." NEW YORK (5-1) finished the year with a four-game winning streak as the Yankees ran the bases (and stole them) with new-found speed and abandon. And Mickey Mantle, who, after being hurt in the season's opener, remained relatively healthy, wound up with 22 homers and played more games than any other Yankee.

Standings: BAL 101-65, DET 91-71, MIN 80-71, CH 70-72, CAL 64-77, PHI 53-83, NY 47-85, LA 35-89, SEA 26-92, NYG 10-101

NATIONAL LEAGUE

There were numerous reasons why ST. LOUIS (3-1) won the pennant so decisively. For one thing, Cardinal pitchers gave up just 108 home runs this year as opposed to 130 last season. Then, too, there was Lou Brock and his wife Kate's lemon cream pies. From mid-August on, when Brock started gobbling up the pies, he hit .320, including a 625 spurt last week. A precursor of just how much the Cardinals would dominate this season came in spring training when Jim Maloney and John Edwards of the Reds were fishing. "Two Cardinals were in a boat right next to ours," Maloney recalled. "They caught 78 fish, and we got 10." Although Willie Mays had his poorest season, SAN FRANCISCO (6-2) overcame its worst start (8-7) since he joined the Giants in 1951 to finish second for the third time in a row. Willie's .266 average was his lowest ever for a full season, as were his 22 homers and 68 RBIs. What earned the Giants was a pitching staff that had an ERA of 2.28 from August

1 on and that wound up at 2.96, the best ever for the club. Chief among the rearguards was Ray Sadecki, who won his last six games. Third place was clinched by CHICAGO (3-1) when Ferguson Jenkins won his 20th game and Ken Holtzman his ninth without a loss. Both wins were against CINCINNATI (3-3), which had briefly ousted the Cubs from the No. 3 spot. The Reds, who led the league for 56 days until June 18, never did recover from the loss of Leo Cardenas, who suffered a broken hand in mid-June. Injuries to Bill White and Richie Allen of PHILADELPHIA (2-6) negated the fine hitting of Tony Gonzalez, whose .339 average placed him second in the batting race to Roberto Clemente of PITTSBURGH (4-2), who hit .357. It was Clemente's fourth batting championship and his third in four seasons. Hank Aaron of ATLANTA (1-5) won his fourth home-run title with a total of 39, the first time his winning figure has not been 44. Still, the Braves ended up in seventh place, their lowest finish since 1952. Billy Hitchcock was fired, the sixth manager to lose his job this season. (The others: Sam Mele of the Twins, Al Dark of the A's, Wes Westrum of the Mets, Harry Walker of the Pirates, Joe Adcock of the Indians.) The decline of LOS ANGELES (3-4) was even more pronounced, for the Dodgers were eighth for the first time since 1905. "I don't know of any player who has a job for next year," said Manager Walt Alston, implying a big shakeup. BOSTON (14-2) won four of its final six games, including a 1-0 win for Mike Cuellar (his 16th) on Chuck Harrison's 11th-inning hit. Billy Graham led a brief saw-yeo (2-5) revival by beating the Dodgers 5-1.

Standings: STL 101-65, SF 91-71, CH 83-74, CIN 77-75, PHI 67-85, PIT 53-83, NY 47-85, LA 35-89, SEA 26-92, NYG 10-101

HIGHLIGHT

For some players the season just past was an up year, for some it was a down year and for others a combination of both. Mike McCormick of the Giants had an up year. In 1960, McCormick won 15 games for the Giants. Then came arm trouble, a trade to the Orioles, a trip to the minors and, last year, a mild comeback with the Senators, who dealt him to the Giants in the fall. Back with his old team, McCormick won 22 games. Boog Powell of the Orioles was down. In 1966 he hit .287, had 34 homers and 109 RBIs. This season he batted .234, hit 13 homers and had 55 RBIs. Mike Epstein went to the Senators in the most bizarre trade of the year and reached his zenith early with a grand slam in his first at bat against his former Oriole teammates. Alas, Epstein wound up hitting .215. Jack Lamabe's

case was the reverse. His first pitch as a Met at Shea Stadium was hit for a homer, but then he was traded to the Cardinals and helped them win the pennant. For Jim Bunning of the Phillies the season was not so much up or down as it was a roller-coaster ride between the two. On April 21 at Shea, where, in three years, he had won eight times in a row (five by shutouts, once on a perfect game), he lost to the Mets. What's more, when Bunning fell off the mound as the result of his peculiar motion (triple), he was hit on the stump by a line drive. His biggest upset moment came on Memorial Day at Cadeskov Park when his high pop fly was picked up by a friendly gale and wafted over the fence for a game-winning homer. Bunning won 17 games and might have had 20 had he not lost five 1-0 games. On the up side, Bunning could at least take comfort from Walter Johnson, who lost 27 1-0 games during his career.



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE CUP

Sirs—
Carleton Mitchell's coverage of the defense of the America's Cup (in *20 Fatal Minutes, Australia's Tri: Boat Doomed*, Sept. 25) should be ranked as a masterpiece of its kind. I am no yachtsman, yet I read the article with intense interest. Through it I got a better view of the races and a better understanding of the merits of the two yachts, their designers, their crews and the strategies they used than if I had been off Newport in one of the observation boats.

G. M. W. KOBRI

New York City

Sirs—
Like many other fair-minded Americans, I am an infracommophile—a friend of the underdog. I think that it would be good for the sport if someone else won the America's Cup for once. When the Yankee dynasty in baseball ended I think it fair to say that many Americans were relieved, and now we have the fantastic battle for the 1987 pennant in the American League.

Nevertheless, Carleton Mitchell revealed a spirit of sportsmanship in his fine article, which was charitable without condescension and fair-minded without being falsely sympathetic. He gives the devil his due and the Australians credit for their fine and commendable effort.

WARREN F. TURNER

Norwood, Mass.

Sirs—
On a visit to Montreal and Expo 67 on September 20 I saw a sign displayed in the Australian Pavilion. It said: "Due to circumstances beyond our control, we are unable to display the America's Cup." Congratulations to worthy challengers and good sports.

HUGH D. BLACK, M.D.

Oxford, N.Y.

GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM

Sirs—
Congratulations are in order for Paul Gallico's excellent article concerning crew (in *Tale of an Ancient Mariner*, Sept. 25). Being an oarsman, I know only too well the excitement and pain described so vividly by Mr. Gallico.

We oarsmen at Marist College practice daily on the old Regatta course, amid the old boathouses and painted cliffs. We are trying to rebuild the tradition and honor that crew once had both in the Hudson Valley and on campus, and we are rapidly gaining prominence in the small-college category.

I'm sure this article was enjoyed by oars-

men everywhere, and more coverage of this sport would surely be appreciated.

ANDREW DRONZ

Captain, Marist crew

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sirs—

Thank you for giving us elders this tale of the past. Having had fraternity brothers who were members of Syracuse University's crews during that time, I could appreciate it.

Collegiate rowing has a lot of merit and it is growing, as shown by the many crews at the Intercollegiate and other regattas. At the same time few persons realize just how much downright hard work crewmen go through. Paul Gallico told about some of it as only a master storyteller can.

LYNN D. DEFINISI

Houston

ARIZONA HAWKS

Sirs—

Your September 25 *SCORECARD* article on the white-winged dove ("La Paloma, Preying Bird") warrants some correction. You state that there is but one place in the U.S.—Texas—where the white-winged dove may be hunted and that the season there is open for little more than 24 hours, from 1 p.m. to sundown on each of two Saturdays and Sundays.

Arizona, not Texas, is the white-winged dove capital of the U.S. Having in 1986 handed returns, our whowing population is over nine million birds as contrasted to the 750,000 birds you mentioned in Texas. The season in Arizona lasts for a full 24 days, September 1 through 24, from one-half hour before sunrise until sunset. The bag limit on whowings is 25 birds per day plus 12 mourning doves.

Furthermore, much of the nesting habitat and shooting is on public, rather than private, land, so there are millions of acres of open land available to hunters, who come from all over the U.S. each year. Just recently the U.S. Bureau of Land Management, which administers these public lands, classified a 100-mile strip of land along the Lower Gila River—approximately 65,000 acres—for retention in public ownership to protect what is considered to be the most productive whowing nesting habitat in the country.

FRED J. WELDER
State Director, U.S. Bureau of
Land Management

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs—

Your Texas correspondent, who shed his customary modesty to inform you of the white-winged dove hunting in McAllen, cer-

tainly had much to be modest about. For one thing, that is not the only place in the U.S. where whowings may be hunted. For another, the hardships endured by visitors to McAllen will not be encountered in Yuma, Ariz., where nearly a hundred hotels and motels and more than a score of fine restaurants entice thousands of out-of-state shooters each year. If the editors of *SI* (or the couple from Minnesota) care to jet into Yuma's International Airport, they will find themselves in the company of hundreds of hunters who beg their limit daily.

However, the selection by your football writers of Yuma's Curley Culp as the collegelienman of the week (*FOOTBALL WEEK*, Sept. 24) proves that your magazine isn't all bad.

KEN PIERCE

The Yuma Daily Sun

Yuma, Ariz.

RECOUNT

Sirs—

In a letter from Mr. P. K. Council (19th Hole, Sept. 25) it was stated that Purdue has outscored Notre Dame 213 points to 175 in the last decade. Granted; but that covers only the last decade. To find out which team is the better of the two we have to add all of the scores. The first game staged between the Boilermakers and the Irish was in 1896. Since then we find that Notre Dame has outscored Purdue 730 555. This is a different story.

BOB BRACKEN, JR.

Franklin Lakes, N.J.

● It was a different story last week, too (page 20).—ED.

OUT OF HIS LEAGUE

Sirs—

I'd like to question your citation of San Diego Coach Sid Gillman as an expert in the comparative rating of Bart Starr and John Unitas (*Runway in Central*, Sept. 18). You quote Gillman as saying that Bart Starr "has been ahead of John Unitas for a long time. Nobody can touch him." This may be true, but how is Coach Gillman so certain? Has he spent that much time away from his job with the AFL Chargers to completely satisfy himself as to the relative merits of two NFL quarterbacks who quite possibly will never play for him?

As a Washington Redskins fan, I boast Sonny Jurgensen for the No. 1 spot. Therefore I am not concerned about Bart Starr or John Unitas. I just think that the statement would have been more apropos and more entertaining to read if it had been made by either of the two men who have watched these quarterbacks meet head-on

continued

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1978 HOLE continued

twice a year for the past four seasons, Don Shula or Vince Lombardi.

DAVID A. POST

Washington

WHEELING AND DEALING

SIN

In your September 18 pro football issue you name Eagle Coach Joe Kuharch as the biggest wheeler-dealer in the coaching ranks today (*Capitol Sports West*). You also speculate as to whether Kuharch can come up with one of his inspired trades to make up for the Eagles' obvious quarterback deficiency. If I remember correctly, a couple of years ago Joe made a trade that sent Sonny Jurgensen (now No. 1 quarterback of Washington) to the "Skins" for Norm Macdonald (now No. 1 quarterback for the Eagles). Could this possibly have any relation to the fact that in your charts the "Skins" quarterback got a rating of 16, the highest, while the Eagles' quarterback got a rating of four, the lowest?

You also listed Ray Poage as just a fine set of Eagle receivers. Well, did Joe make Poage go? If this was an inspired move, I would just like to know where Joe gets his inspirations.

ED TRAMER

Drexel Hill, Pa.

HEADS UP

SIN

I noted with considerable interest the comments by Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes in *Sports Illustrated* (Sept. 11) regarding protective headgear. I am particularly concerned about his statements that "in order to do a good job of blocking and tackling, you have to aim with the head. If that headgear isn't protective, however, it's a dangerous weapon. But we can't get many other schools to go for protective headgear."

I would certainly agree that, under the circumstances that Mr. Hayes describes, the headgear is indeed a dangerous weapon. As a matter of fact, the technique of aiming with the head, or spearing, is particularly hazardous. Dr. Richard Schneider, a professor of neurosurgery at the University of Michigan Medical School, has been working for several years to study carefully the mechanisms of injuries occurring in football players. The technique of spearing is a prime offender and has been responsible for many head and spinal injuries.

There may be a very good reason why the other Big Ten teams have not been completely enthusiastic about Mr. Hayes' teachings. It should be made clear that outside padding alone is not going to eliminate the possibility of this kind of injury.

GEORGE D. ZUDOMA, MD
Director, Department of Surgery,
Johns Hopkins University

Baltimore

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) Peter Hanson
Business Manager

A Windy Passage from Cocktail to Cocktail

A fishing enthusiast who thought sailboats were just a pretty excuse for giving parties finds that an ocean race is something more than merely the laziest distance between celebrations by ELLINGTON WHITE

It began with a phone call: "Would I like to crew in the Regata al Sol?" The Regata al what? It was, it turned out, a sailboat race, a 560-mile sailboat race from Bóloa, Miss. to Isla Mujeres, Isla Mujeres? Never heard of it.

Neither had a few million other people. It was a small island off the tip of Mexico, near Cozumel, in the Territory of Quintana Roo. Beautiful place. Untouched. Wonderful beaches. No telephone. Great fishing.

What kind of fishing?

Bonafishing. Tarpon.

Sign me on.

I had never participated in a sailboat race, but I figured I could put up with anything that placed me among bonafish and tarpon. Besides, everyone knows that a sailboat race is just the shortest distance between two cocktail parties. I envisioned day after day of languorous cruising in tropical climes: sunny mornings, slumberous afternoons, a drink or two before dinner. And after dinner, time before bed to stretch out under the sails and drag one's feet through the luminous waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

Yachting had always seemed to me a rather mindless activity, and I imagined, if anything, that my ignorance would prove to be an asset. I went off to buy a pair of canvas yachting shoes—since walking on a deck seems to require a different tread than walking on a tennis court—and while crossing the shopping center parking lot, I heard a lion roar.

This turned out to be only the first surprise of a surprising experience, and I mention it here because later I was to wonder which creature was more out of place, that crated carnival lion on a dozen acres of asphalt or me on a yacht.

Flying down to New Orleans, I filled the first line of my notebook "Am now jetting through the air who knows how fast, to catch a boat, who knows how slow. Ask the pilot of this plane what he thinks of sailing and 2 to 1 he'd burst out laughing." That sounded pretty good until I met a crewmate and learned

that his profession was flying airplanes. Surprise No. 2.

At Gulfport, the night before the race, I found exactly what I expected to find. A rousing party had spawned over the docks and moved inland as far as the Broadwater Beach Marina. It was gusting strong when I joined it. I wandered around, hoovering and eating shrimp and listening to what an idiot I was for embarking on such a jaunt. Did I know what I was getting into? Did I have my pills? Seasick pills, dysentery pills. "Let me see your smallpox vaccination." And what about foul-weather gear? "You know it can get mean as hell out there."

After a while it occurred to me that one of the functions of a yacht club must be to hate yachts. for in the course of that long evening I didn't hear one word about the pleasures of sailing, only about the horrors. This may have been because there didn't seem to be many sailors around, at least not of the kind that race sailboats.

Where were the racing sailors? "There's one," somebody said, "and—oh look!—there's another." Two sailors for 14 boats! That hardly seemed an adequate number. Where were the others? "Reusing," I was told, "as you should be."

Next morning, bright and hoarse in new green yachting shoes, I reported aboard the *Nimbus*, a 48-foot cutter owned and skippered by David B. Hatcher, then of Houston.

Several hours later, when the *Nimbus* crossed the starting line under full sail, I made another vivid observation: "10:50 a.m., May 28, 1966," to which later in the day I added, "These people mean business. They really intend to win this thing! Surprise No. 3."

I wrote no more, for by that time my hands were too sore for lengthy comment. It had been a difficult eight hours, and in the course of them I had picked up an assortment of nicks, welts and blisters, "love bites," as they were called by other members of the crew, most of whom, having raced aboard the *Nimbus*

before, had formed with her a highly personal relationship.

A racing yacht is a profound complication of ropes, sails, personalities and moods, and a stranger to these is hopelessly lost at first. He wanders about in a maze, trying to attach the right term to the right object, the right name to the right person. In time, however, the darkness lifts and there is a welcome shock of recognition when a sheet becomes distinguishable from a halyard and individual members of the crew, until then names only, acquire identities.

In time, I began to learn that the skipper's two sons, Dave Jr. and Bob, were the Lord Jims of the *Nimbus*. For them sailing was not a mystery but a challenge. They threw themselves headlong into each new problem, depending upon their youth and enthusiasm to overwhelm it. When a snare developed in one of the halyards, it was Dave Jr. who rode a horse's chair 70 feet into the air on a pitching mast and spent a reckless half hour tazzaning about the spreaders.

Our best helmsman was Swede Lauritsen, who combined knowhow with strength. His cool proficiency at the helm carried a landlubber such as myself through many troubled moments. A former football player at the University of Michigan, he shook off squalls as though they were tacklers.

Chuck Billing, a Houston insurance man, spoke often of the science and esthetics of sailing. It was he who told me "surprise"—that a boat is pulled more often than it is pushed by the wind. Chuck admired the beauty of a sail properly set and "glued to the wind," and wanted me to appreciate what a refined and delicate piece of machinery I was privileged to be riding.

Charles Brunning was the loner ahead the *Austhus*, an alert man with taut nerves who chewed Gelsud during tense moments and covered his head with a handkerchief worn like a skullcap. Someday in the future when I read a newspaper account about how some sailor has undertaken to circle the globe

Continued

MEET:

Windy Passage *continued*



DICK LUSK
in Chicago

The best way to get something done? Give it to a busy man... like Dick Lusk.

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in a 10-foot sailboat. I will not be surprised to learn that his name is Bruning. He did everything well.

John Williamson, one of the navigators, approached sailing with dispassionate thoroughness, as he might approach any skill he wanted to master. When he wasn't working at the chart table, he was learning the foredeck from Dave Jr.

For Enrique Huhner, a Mexican business man and our other navigator, a boat was a place to relax, and he found it hard at times to understand what all the racing fuss was about. If there was no wind, there was no wind, in Enrique's opinion, and no amount of raising and dropping sails was going to produce it. It was Enrique who appeared from the cabin one sultry evening to take a sighting on the moon, a yellow orb then resting on a pile of clouds, and announced with a sigh, "But it is too beautiful to shoot!" His wit was a happy presence on such an earnest voyage.

The one person on the *Nimbus* whose composure never left her was Audrey Hatcher, the skipper's wife. As Swede put it, "She's the only woman I like to race with," and his opinion was reflected in that of every member of the crew. Audrey exercised a steady influence when tempers flared—as they often did—and she guarded the galley and the crew's health with authority and good humor. When a halyard tore most of the skin off the skipper's left hand, it was reassuring to know Audrey was there to look after it.

On any boat, of course, it is the skipper who sets the tone. Ocean racing is a highly abstract sport in the sense that most of it is played without the benefit of a visible opponent. On an ocean race, if there is nobody aboard to remind you that you have an opponent, you may easily forget about him. On the *Nimbus*, David Hatcher was our racing conscience. "Come on, you guys, let's race this bucket!" A tanned, stocky man, he never let up. Goofing off infuriated him, and while his language could be withering, one felt he called it out of a part of himself reserved for the sea. It was clear that for him the pleasures of racing all came from the boat, not from the provisions he carried. Although provisions were plentiful, they were not luxurious, as they are on some boats, and as close as anyone got to alcohol was two cans of beer a day.

"It's hard enough to race a boat sober," he said.

There was a lot of fantasizing about "chilled pitchers of martinis," etc., but as in any disciplined surroundings the snobbery that accompanies abstinence more than made up for the actual deprivation: our crew could look down on boats where life was easier.

"I've raced on boats like that," Dave Jr. said. "You have a great time. The skipper never raises his voice and nobody works too hard. Of course, you never win any races. Winning's not the point. Cruising's the point. I like to win myself. I wouldn't be out here unless I thought I was going to win."

Winning seemed a long way off the second day of the race. We struck a calm and flapped about the Gulf for 48 horrible hours.

I had always thought a heeled boat was an idle boat. Never believe it. The Ancient Mariner wasn't racing. Squeezing movement out of missing air currents is a fiendish occupation. Sails are shot up and down like window shades. Winches grind. Halyards hum. Arms and legs ache.

"Chasing zephyrs on a flat sea," I wrote in my diary, "is the closest thing to fishing a racing boat can offer. After the spinnaker is lowered and the drifter raised for the fifth time in as many minutes, you fall to the deck in a heap, and what do you hear?"

"'Chute time!'"
"Ease the genoa!"
"Trim the main!"
"Get the turtle!"

It is surprising how many commands on a sailboat come in threes, like *hal* luck.

On May 31 a sudden squall, what the Mexicans term "a small hurricane," with winds up to 50 knots, broke the calm. Three layers of water struck the *Nimbus* simultaneously—a layer of rain, a layer of sea and between them, a layer of waves. David Hatcher dropped the spinnaker and called everyone on deck. The sky seethed with lightning. Clouds rolled across the water. They were not dark, as they are on land during a thunderstorm, but an eerie white, the color of sechgers. The wind slammed the boat on her side, and I heard the skipper laughing furiously. He had the tiller pulled back under his chin, hanging on while the boom banged along on top of the water. Here was the wind he had

been waiting for. A white shroud covered the bow. The lee railing went under, and the sea hissed on the deck inches from the cockpit.

"Get this boat up!" someone shouted. "Come on, goddammit, get this boat out of the water!"

Heeled over that far, you get the impression of sliding down a steep hill. The ride is terrifying and exhilarating, a strange mixture of horror and delight. Even the saltiest sailor must occasionally wonder whether the boat is going to hold up under him. Dropping the mainsail, of course, would help it hold up, but races are not won without sails, and when the *Nimbus* cleared the squall she was still flying everything she carried into it.

Lulls follow storms on long ocean races, and soon the boat picks up the same tempo, alternating between dull hard work and moments of electrifying sensations.

Two days later we were only 30 miles from Cuba, lazing along on big swells. Someone asked our Latin-American crewmate Huber what he would do if a Cuban gunboat should draw up alongside. He threw open his arms and cried, "Amigos, save me from these Yankee imperialists!" We lost another sail that day when a spinnaker blew out. The beer was all gone and so was all but a small lump of ice that Audrey used to make lemonade. A general fatigue prevailed, and the conversation drifted back and forth between our position in the race—we seemed to be leading the fleet—and what the first drink was going to taste like in the bar of the *Zazil-Ha* on Isla Mujeres.

"You know what I would like right now?" someone said. "A shot of brandy on ice, chased by milk."

The first night I spent aboard the *Nimbus* I spent sleepless, wondering why the damned bunks were so hideously uncomfortable. I soon found out. On a sailboat a bunk is not meant to encourage sleep. Its purpose is simply to hold in the smallest space possible someone who is already three-fourths asleep by the time he reaches it. After four days at sea I would have slept in the bilge, although my favorite bunk was among the sails in the bow. I would drift off on the sound of Bruning "calling sails" for the helmsman:

"You're edging, edging a hit. Watch it."

"I'm coming down,"

"More."

"Coming."

"Still more."

"How's that?"

"That's good. Hold it."

"Right on 280 and holding. Locked in..."

Then, at last, we were approaching the end. "Now's when it starts getting exciting," Bruning said, chewing a Gelusil. "The first day's a bore. The last day hums."

Six days before, 14 boats had left Mexico. Since then, apart from an occasional sighting, the only communication between them had been over the radio. According to the rules of the Regatta al Sol, there were no restrictions on the use of radios except that no boat could receive coded weather or "other pertinent information" that was not available to the rest of the fleet. David Hatcher had talked to other skippers from time to time, but because skippers like to guard their positions, no one could tell for sure whether the information he was getting was on the level. A skipper handles his whereabouts the same way a quarterback handles a football: deception is part of the game.

The general feeling on *Nimbus* was that she was the lead boat. The only other boat that seemed to pose a real threat was the *Temptress*, a Columbia-50, but since she owed the *Nimbus* time, each passing hour made her less of a threat.

The navigators placed Isla Mujeres 5° off the starboard bow. If the wind held up, we should be there by midnight. Spirits ran high. Audrey Hatcher threw caution overboard and dropped all the ice as the daily pitcher of lemonade. Bruning took a shower with a bucket of saltwater and suggested everyone else do the same. "Otherwise, the *Zazil-Ha* will shut the door in our faces."

About this time a blue sail was sighted on the horizon. When it got near enough to focus on, we saw it belonged to *Temptress*, and she was closing fast.

"That's all right," David Hatcher said. "We've still got her beat. She'll never make up the time she owes us."

Her course puzzled him, however. If we were right and Isla Mujeres was straight ahead, why was the *Temptress* closing on us at right angles? She appeared to be running away from the is-

continued

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Windy Passage *continued*

land, not toward it. Someone then mentioned a disturbing fact. Aboard the *Tempress* was the skipper of the boat that had won last year's Regata al Sol, a Mexican born in Yucatan. And this was the Yucatan Channel! Was it possible he knew something about these waters and their strong tricky currents that no one else knew?

"That's possible," David Hatcher said. "It's also possible"—and here he looked at the navigators—"that somebody's goofed and we're headed straight for Panama."

No, that was not possible, the navigators insisted. Isla Mujeres was right where they said it was. They showed him figures to prove it. They had even gotten a radio fix.

Yet there was the *Tempress*, with the local Mexican aboard, and she was sailing altogether a different course.

"Maybe we ought to cover her," the skipper said. "So long as we stay with her, she can't possibly beat us."

But then another boat might beat us. That was true. He went below to look at the charts and think. While he was gone, Swede Laursen, who was at the helm, nodded his head. "She's doing just what I'd do if I was getting beat," he said. "She's going inshore hoping to find more wind than we've got out here. That's all she can do. Our here she's already locked."

The skipper reappeared. "Hold what you've got," he said to Swede. "We may never see the land again, but let's go. Let's get this bucket moving."

And move we did, slam-bang into another squall. Through the driving rain I heard what sounded like a cannon shot, followed by a wail of despair. The boom had broken. Floorboards were ordered torn up and lashed around the break. Then a hole was spotted in the chute.

"Drop it," the skipper said, "and get some adhesive tape on it."

In six days of racing the *Nimble* had lost four sails and the boom, and the skipper had lost most of the skin on one of his hands.

But never mind. With the lights of Isla Mujeres glowing off the bow and a new Cal-40 disappearing off the stern, things couldn't have looked brighter. Bransing cooked a victory stew, which was another of his specialties, and we ate this in a hilarious mood while watching the moon rise. The boom was holding and so was the wind.

"Zazil-Ha, here we come!" someone said.

For me this was the high point of the race. I had begun this trip with a scornful laugh. Now I realized that scorn had been replaced with pride. I knew what Swede meant when he called ocean racing "the greatest sport in the world." And when I heard a voice say over the radio, "Hello, Isla Mujeres, this is the yacht *Chowdell* preparing to cross the finish line," I was as stunned and bewildered as everyone else.

"*Chowdell*! Where the hell did she come from?"

No one would hazard a guess.

Nimble had outsailed a bigger boat and lost to a smaller one. I suppose this is a familiar irony in racing, but accepting it is still hard. Finishing second (third on corrected time) is somehow not good enough to make up for all the aches and bruises incurred along the way, and though we had the ritualistic drink in the bar of the Zazil-Ha, the drink everybody had talked about for six days, it didn't taste as good as the warm beer after a squall. Maybe the lateness of the hour (3 a.m.) had something to do with it, I didn't know. In any case, the going was heavy. Chuck Billing wondered when he could get a plane home. Swede talked about another race coming up, this one in the Great Lakes. Dave Jr. thought he would do a little skin diving. "Might as well. There's nothing else to do." And I suddenly remembered what had brought me to Isla Mujeres in the first place and asked the manager of the hotel, Mr. Esteban Lima, about how I could get to the bonefish and tarpon.

Mr. Lima said he would try to find me a boat, "though it might take a day or two."

I told him I'd wait.

Hanging around such a fine hotel as the Zazil-Ha on such a beautiful island as Isla Mujeres seemed an easy enough thing to do. On any other week it would have been. But this was the week of the Regata al Sol, and soon the Zazil-Ha looked the same as I remembered the Broadwater Beach Marina looking the night before the race. Many of the same people had chartered an airplane in order to be on hand when the boats arrived. Among them was a yacht broker. "You'd be surprised," he told me, "how many people crew on a boat for the first time and then want a boat of their own."

END

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